

SPORT



JULY 50¢

By Jerry West:
How I See The
NBA Next Year

Ron Swoboda's
Diary: Seaver,
The Mets And Me

Jim Ryun: What He's
Trying To Prove

I Was Certain That
I Would Die — Jim
Marshall's Struggle For Life

\$10,000 In Cash, 100 Prizes:
Pick The Top Performers
Of The Past 25 Years

Bob Gibson: A Man Who
Challenges You In Every Way

Would You Pay This
Man \$500,000?


See Page 34

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SPORT

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A close-up, color photograph of a man wearing a light-colored cowboy hat and a brown vest over a light blue button-down shirt. He is looking down and to the right, holding a lit cigarette in his right hand. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights on his face and hand.

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JULY

THIS MONTH IN SPORT



EDWIN KIESTER JR.

Up to the time he first began writing for SPORT, which was last July when he did our cover story on Bart Starr and John Unitas ("Why The Old Quarterbacks Won't Quit"), Ed Kiester had not exactly been a specialist on fun and games. The most he could say about his sports heritage was that he grew up in Turtle Creek, Pennsylvania, with the ex-Notre Dame and pro football immortal, Leon Hart. "Furthermore," Kiester says proudly, "Hart married the girl next door—next door to me." Ed did cover some sports for his high school paper, but that was it. He went on to the University of Pittsburgh, where he majored in political science, worked awhile on the late Pittsburgh **Post-Telegraph**, then migrated to New York City and became a magazine editor. He worked for **Parade** Magazine for 14 years, then took over as managing editor of a magazine for men. And last year, the magazine having fallen on hard times, Ed was furloughed and turned to freelance writing. He has done so well as a writer in such a short time (including sales to **Redbook**, **Today's Health** and many other magazines, plus a book contract) that it is doubtful if he will ever return to a desk job as an editor. Editing's loss, we hope, will be our gain.

Ed's specialties are medicine and education, but knowing how good a writer he is we persuaded him to try a sports piece. Starr-Unitas was the one and it worked so well that right away we put him on others. Now we count him as one of our true thoroughbreds.

Ed lives in Westport, Connecticut. He has three girls and a 14-year-old boy who plays all sports and is a Yankee and New York Ranger fan. Ed himself has become a Red Sox and Bruins' fan, he says, as a result of his work on Sox and Bruins articles. But how has it been for him, after education and medicine, covering such sports personalities as Starr, Unitas, Teddy Green, Walt Frazier, and, now, Yaz (Page 34)? Just fine, Ed claims. "Despite what Jim Bouton and others say, I've been surprised at the directness of the guys I've dealt with. I haven't hit an athlete yet who looked at me cross-eyed and said—'why did you ask me that question?' They seem to try to answer all questions honestly. You go out and interview a Senator or

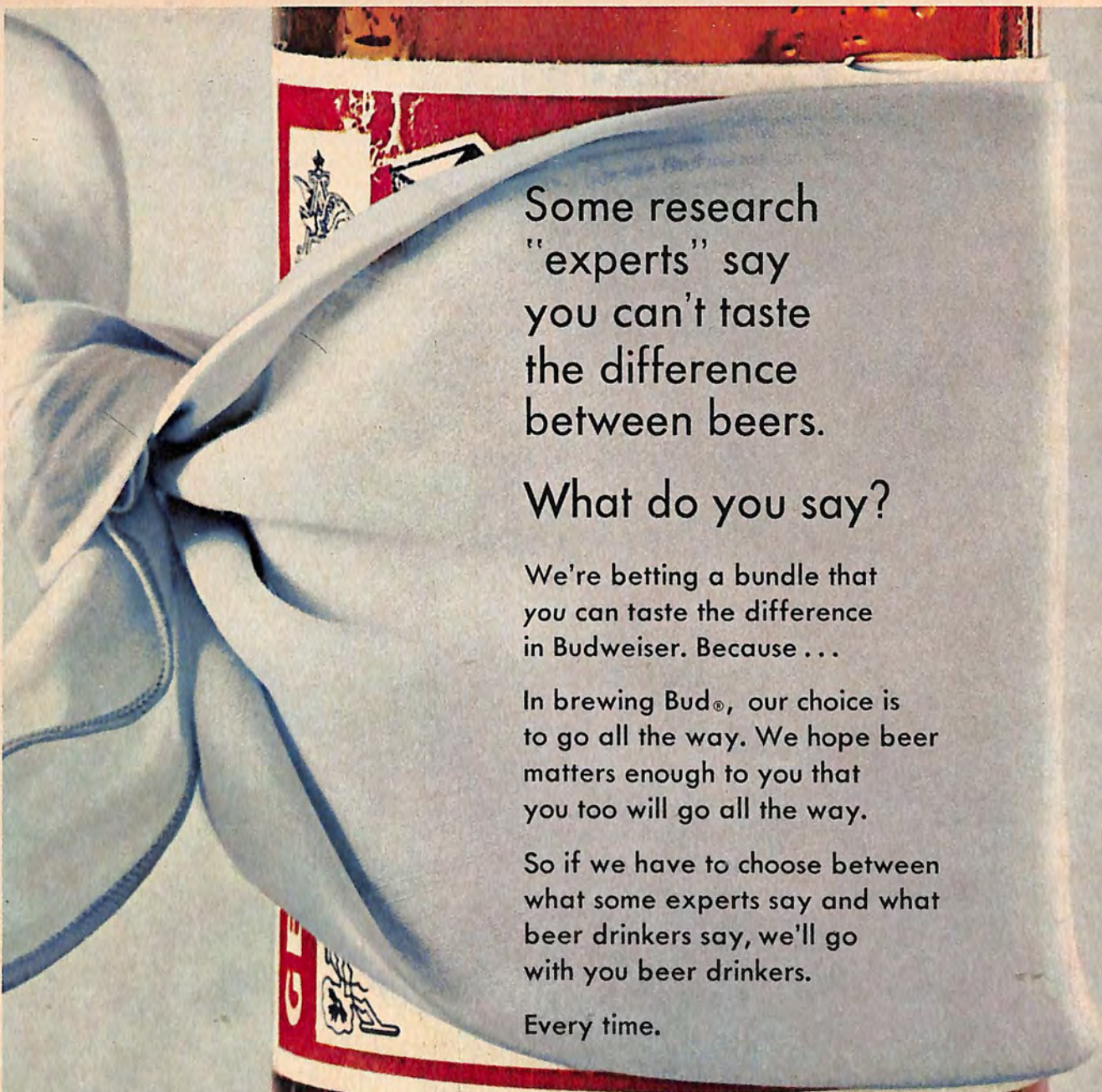
some other public figure, and when you ask a question you see the lights go on—'how am I gonna answer this?' But the guys I've dealt with have been, almost without exception, friendly and direct. Give them an intelligent question, they'll give you a straight answer."

Ed says that he also enjoys sports because: "I'm dealing with something that is simple and elemental and isn't greatly complicated, yet at the same time deals with people, deals with stories about athletes who could be anyone. At the time I was researching Unitas and Starr, for instance, I was job hunting. I identified very strongly with these guys because they really didn't know what they would be doing next year, either."

We know what Edwin Kiester, Jr. will be doing next year—writing a book about noise, and writing a lot of stories for SPORT. Including two big ones he's working on right now.

Next month in SPORT: A big excerpt from Jim Bouton's new book, **I'm Glad You Didn't Take It Personally** (how can it miss with that title?). From the controversy that swirled over Bouton's **Ball Four**, you may have gotten the impression that Bouton never really liked baseball. Wait till you read our installment from a book that had a first printing of 60,000 . . . Here it is pro-football time again, so the NFC and AFC players make their expert predictions (well, last year they did pick four of the six division winners). Will the Colts repeat? What about Dallas? Who will win the rushing and passing titles? The players think they know. Read the result of their opinions in August SPORT . . . We also profile Virgil Carter, who did such a fine job as the emergency quarterback for Paul Brown's Cincinnati Bengals last year . . . We'll have lots of baseball stories, too, including Vida Blue, the A's sensational young pitcher, Dick Dietz, the fine Giants' catcher, and an Arnold Hano SPORT SPECIAL on the Pirates' home-run hero, Willie Stargell . . . Plus basketball and hockey and lots more.

Al Schulman



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the difference
between beers.

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matters enough to you that
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beer drinkers say, we'll go
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WHEN YOU SAY

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LETTERS TO SPORT

FRAZIER

I usually enjoy reading your magazine, but the story on Joe Frazier I hated; mainly because I just don't care for Frazier. I also felt it was too one-sided, and it tried to draw the line on Frazier's fans and Muhammad's. I would like Dave Wolf to know that I am a white conservative (18-year-old registered Republican) and would be considered a hawk when it comes to Vietnam. Yet, I am pro Muhammad Ali!

To everyone who says Muhammad is just a draft dodger who changed his name to resist the draft, I want them to know that Muhammad was drafted in 1967, three years after he changed his name from Clay and became a Black Muslim.

Now, I would like everyone to know what I thought of the fight. I thought Muhammad beat Frazier, and Muhammad was beaten by the judges, the politicians and the misguided patriots who kept him from the ring for three years.

One last word for all the anti-Muhammad people. Start to respect people for their talent and don't hate them because of their religion; especially Black Muslims.

David Alexander
Portland, Maine

I have been a subscriber since 1965 and would have to say that your May issue is, without a doubt, the best I have ever read. I would particularly like to commend Dave Wolf on his close-up of heavyweight champ Joe Frazier. I always had an idea of what Frazier was like and this insight through tension-filled days and hours preceding the fight confirmed it.

David Rosner
Great Neck, N.Y.

PENNANT WINNERS

I just read your May issue. Your article on baseball ("The Ballplayers Pick The

Pennant Winners") was excellent.

However, I would make a few changes. Tom Seaver would be my choice for best National League pitcher and I would pick the Mets to win the N.L. East division. Also, I would watch out for California to win the A.L. West. Your choice for Rookie of the Year, Roger Freed, is a good one if he lives up to his press clippings. Still, it all really doesn't matter because Baltimore will run away with it.

Mike Weinberg
Philadelphia, Pa.

ANOTHER VIEWPOINT

Could you please, in further articles, give us (Japanese-Americans) the same consideration you gave the Germans, the Indians and Italians, simply by not referring to us as "Japs" (Viewpoint South, May).

Most people who use racial slurs are probably not racist by nature. In your article you refer to the Germans as Germans, the Indians as Indians and the Italians as Italians. Your primary motive, I'm sure, was not to offend these various ethnic groups. So, you can see why I was deeply disturbed and a bit puzzled when you singled us out.

I'm sure you're also a bit puzzled as you read this letter, as to why a guy would make such a big thing over such a relatively small incident. Something which was probably not intended in the first place.

Well, it would take another letter and a little more of your time to explain the many meanings a simple term, like the word "Japs," has to people of Japanese ancestry.

Richard Sintaku
San Francisco, Calif.

RUSSELL AND LEW

I thought the article Bill Libby did on Bill Russell ("What I Think Of Lew Alcindor," May) really brought out another of Russell's fine qualities—respect. I thought he was frank and precise in his evaluations of Lew. I saw Bill Russell on TV and was impressed with his poise and warmth. He reminded me so much of comedian Bill Cosby.

John Pollard
Alexandria, Va.

BLACK HAWK BLASPHEMY

I was furious when I read the article "1971 Stanley Cup Preview" in your May issue. Mr. Offen talks on and on about how Boston, New York and Montreal are sure to dominate the playoffs. Sure they will, but he didn't even consider the Black Hawks. He even praised the Flyers over the Hawks.

However, he had to mention the Hawks sometime, so he picked out a flaw. He said Tony Esposito could be the downfall of the Hawks. Ha! He said the Boston goalies were weak, but did he put them down? Oh no! It wasn't fair . . . Underestimation, I'm afraid, is a flaw too.

J. Smith
Gary, Ind.

Tony Esposito's goaltending is about as suspect as Raquel Welch's body. Ask the Philadelphia Flyers, Mr. Offen's "perfect playoff team."

Joseph M. Buez
Carbondale, Ill.

A RAVE FOR DAVE

I just wanted to say that John Devaney's article about Dave DeBusschere ("He's Never Out Of The Game," May) was excellent.

I truly think that Dave is the key to the New York Knicks' game, along with Willis Reed. What Mr. Devaney said about Dave's ability to rebound and set picks is accurate. He offers great mental leadership also.

I'm a big Milwaukee Bucks' fan, but our team sure could use a big-muscle forward who can rebound and score. Dave is probably today's best forward.

Russ Meyer
Milwaukee, Wis.

OBSCURE NO MORE

I would like to commend you on your article "Up from Obscurity: Hockey's Back-up Goalies," (May) by Gerald Eskenazi. Being a New York Ranger fan, I now realize what Gilles Villeneuve has done for the club.

Although he played mostly against the Western Division and the two expansion teams, he did have a very enviable goals-against average. This not only freed Giacomini to get up for the big games, it also seemed to help

(Continued on page 14)



Ann is a lovely mechanic.

Ann Marsh is just as much at home under a hood as over a hot stove.

And just as pretty. As you'll find out if you stop at her service station in Gloucester, Massachusetts.

When Ann bought her 1968 Camaro for \$200, it was a total wreck.

She helped rebuild the car, then painted it mauve and put in a set of Champion Spark Plugs.

"My husband uses Champions," Ann says, "so I use Champions."



Toledo, Ohio 43601

**7 million Chevrolet owners have switched to Champion Spark Plugs.
This has been one of them.**

\$50000 FIRST PRIZE PICK THE TOP PERFORMERS OF THE PAST 25 YEARS

Which stars have been the best from the time of SPORT's first issue through today? Help us celebrate our 25th Anniversary by choosing the 25-year Top Performers. You may win one of 100 great prizes.

In September, Sport will be 25 years old, a long life as far as magazines go, and a happy life, too. We want you to share our happiness, and also help celebrate our silver anniversary by participating in our \$10,000, 100-prize 25th anniversary contest.

As one way of commemorating our 25th anniversary, the Editors of Sport will pick the Top Performers of the past 25 years in all the major spectator sports. We will also pick the Professional Team Rookie of the 25 years, the man who had the most spectacular rookie year of anyone in the past 25 years. And we will pick the Coach or Manager of the 25 years. Finally, we will pick the Man of the 25 years.

Who will we pick? Who would you pick? In baseball alone, you can choose from among Hank Aaron, Joe DiMaggio, Sandy Koufax, Mickey Mantle, Willie Mays, Stan

Musial, Jackie Robinson, Warren Spahn, Ted Williams—and many others, too. We are asking you to match your sports expertise and judgment against that of the Editors. The person who comes the closest will win the big \$5,000 first prize. (Tie-breakers as per our rules will be used, if necessary.)

Because a magazine's 25th anniversary is something special, and because so much has happened in sports over the last 25 years that we want to share with you, we have decided to extend our celebration over four issues. The September, October, November and December issues of Sport will contain big special anniversary sections *in addition to* our regular fare. And we will be announcing some of our Top Performers of the 25 years in each of these anniversary issues. So join us in the festivities. Read our rules carefully, then sit down and match wits with the Editors. You'll find it fun, and it may turn out very rewarding.

CONTEST RULES

1 A Pick the athlete you rate as the Top Performer of the Past 25 Years in each of the following 13 categories: baseball,

boxing, college basketball, professional basketball, college football, professional football, golf, hockey, horse racing, auto racing, swimming and diving, tennis, track and field. **B** Pick the Professional Team Rookie of the 25 Years. Your selection should be the one athlete who, in your opinion, had the most outstanding rookie season, to be chosen from one of the following categories: baseball, hockey, professional basketball, professional football.

C Pick the Coach or Manager of the 25 years. Your selection should be the one man who, in your opinion, had the most influence on his team and on sports in the last 25 years. (The coach-manager can come from a professional or amateur team.)

E In the event of ties, entries will be judged on the basis of the following tiebreakers:

A First, pick the Man of the 25 Years in sports. He can be but does not necessarily have to be one of our 25-year Top Performers, the Professional Team Rookie of the 25 Years, or the Coach-Manager of the 25 Years. He will be selected by the Editors of SPORT as the man who made the most impact on sports in the past 25 years, by virtue of performance, or personality, or long-range and lasting achievement.

B Secondly, on a separate sheet of paper tell us in 50 words or less the reasons for your selection of the Man of the 25 Years. This must be typewritten double-spaced or written legibly in pen and ink, and must accompany your official entry blank. The essay will be judged solely on the judges' opinion of the soundness of the reasons expressed. The judges will consist of the Editor of

SPORT Magazine and two authorities not connected with SPORT Magazine.

3 Type, print or write legibly the name of the Top Performer, the Pro Team Rookie of the 25 Years, the Coach-Manager of the 25 Years and the Man of the 25 Years next to his category on the official entry blank which appears on the opposite page. (Purchase of the magazine is not necessary. A reasonable facsimile of our entry blank may be submitted rather than the official entry blank.)

4 Type or print your full name and address on the official entry blank or on a reasonable facsimile thereof. Also place your name on the upper right hand corner of your Man of the 25 Years statement.

5 No changes may be made after the entry reaches the contest editor and no correspondence may be entered into concerning the contest.

6 All entries become the sole property of Macfadden-Bartell Corporation upon receipt by Macfadden-Bartell. The Macfadden-Bartell Corporation disclaims all responsibility for entries lost in the mail or lost after receipt.

7 This contest is open to everyone except employees of Macfadden-Bartell Corporation and employees of related corporations and their families.

8 This contest ends at midnight August 1, 1971. Entries postmarked after that date will not be considered.

9 Address all entries to "Pick The Top Performers Contest," Box 4189, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. 10017.

10 Winners will be judged on the entries that most closely match the list of Top Performers of the 25 Years, the Top Professional Team Rookie of the 25 years, the Coach-Manager of the 25 Years as selected by the Editors of SPORT. Rule 2A will act as the first tiebreaker. Rule 2B will act as the second tiebreaker. (All of SPORT's selections have been made in advance of this announcement and have been sealed and locked away until the day the contest closes.)

11 The decision of the judges will be final. By entering the contest all contestants agree to accept the rules as conditions of entering the contest.

12 The SPORT Top Performer selections will be published in the September, October, November and December 1971 issues. The names and addresses of winners of the contest will be published in the January, 1972 issue of SPORT.

HERE IS A LIST OF THE PRIZES YOU CAN WIN:

First Prize	\$5,000
Second Prize	\$2,500
Third Prize	\$1,500
Fourth Prize	\$500
Fifth Prize	\$200
Sixth Prize	\$100
Seventh, Eighth, Ninth and Tenth Prizes	\$50 (each)

PLUS THESE ADDITIONAL PRIZES:

15 Copies of the big new Viking Anthology celebrating the 25th Anniversary of SPORT Magazine.

25 Copies of the new book - "The Glory Of Notre Dame," 22 Great Stories on Fighting Irish Football From The Pages of SPORT Magazine.

50 Copies of the new book, The Boston Bruins, from the SPORT Magazine Press.



OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

Baseball

Hockey

Boxing

Horse Racing

Professional Basketball

Auto Racing

College Basketball

Swimming and Diving

Professional Football

Tennis

College Football

Track and Field

Golf

Professional Team Rookie Of The 25 Years

Coach or Manager Of The 25 Years

Man Of The 25 Years In Sports

(PLEASE PRINT)

Name

Address

City

Zone

State

? THE SPORT QUIZ!

GRADE YOURSELF
15-16 EXCELLENT
13-14 VERY GOOD
11-12 FAIR

1. Which of these college football teams holds the career record for wins?

- a. Yale
- b. Harvard
- c. Princeton

2. Over the past five seasons he has the highest winning percentage of any pro football coach:

- a. Don Shula
- b. Hank Stram
- c. George Allen

3. Two major-league teams have won a pennant while finishing last in their league in team batting. One was the Chicago White Sox and the other the:

- a. Boston Braves
- b. Washington Senators
- c. New York Mets

4. True or false: In 1970, Jacksonville

University led major-college basketball in team field-goal percentage.

5. He led National League lefthanders in strikeouts last season.

- a. Jerry Koosman
- b. Ken Holtzman
- c. Claude Osteen

6. She was half of the only mixed doubles team to complete a grand slam.

- a. Margaret Court
- b. Maureen Connolly
- c. Rosemary Casals

7. Which NBA player once accumulated six personal fouls in one quarter?

- a. Gus Johnson
- b. Tom Boerwinkle
- c. Connie Dierking

8. Which player, in 1968, tied the major-league baseball record for positions played in one game?

- a. Cesar Tovar
- b. Bert Campaneris
- c. Joe Torre

9. Match these major-college football teams with the year they were named national champion:

Alabama	1963
Texas	1945
LSU	1961
Army	1958

10. The major-college basketball team with the season record for most field goals scored per game is:

- a. UCLA

- b. Kentucky
- c. Houston

11. Last season this major-league team led the American League in double play production:

- a. Chicago
- b. Baltimore
- c. Oakland

12. Which NHL goaltender holds the record for assists in one season?

- a. Bernie Parent
- b. Ed Giacomin
- c. Jacques Plante

13. He led the National League in total bases last season:

- a. Billy Williams
- b. Roberto Clemente
- c. Johnny Bench

14. He was runner-up to the Wimbledon Men's Singles Champion, but has never won this title:

- a. Ken Rosewall
- b. Chuck McKinley
- c. Fred Stolle

15. This NHL team has scored the most shorthand goals in one season:

- a. Chicago
- b. Detroit
- c. Montreal

16. Who led the American League last year in slugging percentage?

- a. Minnesota
- b. Boston
- c. Baltimore

FOR ANSWERS TURN TO PAGE 76



Bob Elson, the dean of active baseball announcers (he's a 30-year vet), covers the Oakland A's over KBHK-TV, San Francisco.



Merle Harmon is the voice of the Milwaukee Brewers on WEMP radio in Milwaukee and does Jet games on WABC radio, New York.



Ken Coleman joined station WHDH, Boston, as Red Sox announcer in 1966, after ten years covering the Cleveland Indians.



Gene Elston broadcasts the Houston Astros' baseball games and special sports events on KPRC radio and KTRK TV in Houston.

Old Gold Filters. The cigarette for independent people.



**"I want my cigarette to talk tobacco to me.
But I only want it to say one thing: flavor.
I smoke Old Gold Filters."**



COLLEGE ATHLETE OF THE MONTH



TOMMY ELLIOT, GEORGETOWN U.

Until it recently became fashionable, most of us were totally oblivious to the 'ecology problem.' Whereas for Tommy Elliot, starting varsity third baseman for the past three years at Georgetown University, environmental pollution had always been terrifyingly visible.

Born in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, attending high school at The Hill School in Pottstown — Tommy grew up in a gut coal-mining region. "My great-grandfather," he says, "was killed in the mines. My grandfather was a miner, too. First-hand I've seen the stripmines, I've seen the streams we couldn't swim in because of acid-pollutants. I've seen the smoking comb banks, lived with the stench, the blight that's devastated a once beautiful countryside. Even as a kid, I was aware that here was an ecological disaster no one seemed to care about."

Tommy *did* care, and for him 'caring' is synonymous with 'doing.' From high school through his junior year at GSU he worked for an astonishing diversity of ecology causes. Every summer he took employment with construction gangs to earn money for the following year's board and tuition. However, during his junior year he also served as a prefect in the freshman hall. He saved his pay, and spent it that summer in Israel and Ireland.

"Even though I don't share their religious beliefs," Tommy explains, "I've always had a tremendous respect for the Israeli brand of nationalism. I knew they were making a desert bloom, and I felt there might be some kind of feedback here into our own ecological problems. As for Ireland — my ancestry is Irish on my mother's side. Beside that, though, I felt they were having the kind of struggle there which, again, was somehow relevant to our own experience in the U.S."

The experience, he says, was truly inspirational. The natives of both nations, he found, were tough, ambitious survivors of British exploitation, now struggling against enormous odds. "In Israel, on the Kibbutz, we worked from about 3:30 a.m. until about 8 a.m. After breakfast, we worked again at least until noon. There was periodic shelling, and the atmosphere was always tense." Ironically, even though his Israeli friends were in a virtual state of war, when Tommy told them he was going to Ireland they reacted like nervous mother hens. "They kept telling me," he recalls, laughing, "'Don't go to Ireland, and certainly not to Belfast. You're liable to get killed over there.' Meanwhile, they could never really be sure if they'd be attacked the next morning. Anyway," he adds, with a mischievous chuckle, "as soon as I got to Belfast I sent them a postcard." Belfast he found "very scary." After Belfast, he toured southern Ireland for a while (spending several days in Dublin), then came home to work on a construction job and to play baseball for three weeks before school started.

As soon as he returned, he began tackling homegrown problems with the same indomitable gusto he had witnessed abroad. He joined Common Cause, a citizens' lobby founded by ex-HEW secretary, John Gardner. "I spent a lot of time on the phones," he says, "talking to people across the country, trying to get local citizens' groups to mobilize their press, their congressmen, against the SST."

Last fall, the beginning of his senior year, Tommy founded the Georgetown Ecology Action League. Upset by the proliferation of nuclear-power plants in Pennsylvania, Tommy (along with his older brother, a Philadelphia lawyer) testified before a Select State Senate Subcommittee, demanding a moratorium on further construction of these plants until all potentially harmful side-effects have been researched. "For example," he says, "home owners' insurance policies have a clause saying they won't cover 'direct or indirect nuclear damage' from the plants in Pennsylvania. We think that the local community has a right to be apprised of all the risks." As a direct result of his testimony, legislation was passed designating the third week of April each year as Earth Week.

Next year Tommy plans to attend law school, eventually specializing in Environmental Law. This spring, however, he played third base on GSU's winningest team in years. SID Keith Moore says, "Tommy is an outstanding asset to the club. A fine fielder, with a strong arm, everything he does is eye-catching. And he hangs in there, no matter what the odds are against him."

Flair and tenacity — qualities Tommy brings to every endeavor. Whether challenging a batter from the third-base line or challenging a polluter in a courtroom, he is always a tough, dogged competitor.

DON KOWET

Is Gatorade® really the THIRST QUENCHER answer to man's age old problem of thirst?

Science, not magic, has made this remarkable drink that quenches thirst so completely. But what else it does often surprises people who drink it.

Science or magic? Actually, it is science that makes Gatorade so unique. In simple terms, the formula for Gatorade was developed by laboratory researchers to help overcome the major cause of thirst: depletion of body fluids. Important, when you understand that



the "thirsty" feeling in your mouth is simply Nature's signal, asking you to replenish body fluids. When that happens, you don't want to keep your body waiting; you want to answer the thirst signal quickly. And one of the marvels of Gatorade is, it does that.

Non-filling. From all over the country, people report the new, "smooth" beverage works better on thirst than anything they've ever tried.

Yet, surprisingly, it does it without filling them up, killing their appetites, or giving them that uncomfortable, bloated feeling they often get with other drinks.

Recognized by the "Pro's." Gatorade, in a very

short time, has become the official thirst quencher of the Professionals, as well as the favorite thirst quencher of a vast majority of men and women who feel happier and more satisfied with a tart, non-syrupy drink.



Less after-drink thirst. From nine to ninety, people notice another curious fact. With Gatorade, their thirst does not seem to re-occur so quickly, which is so often the case with other kinds of drinks, even water.

"Fringe" benefits. People report several other interesting things about Gatorade. One of them is its useful effect in overcoming the thirst which often accompanies "morning after."

New Orange flavor. Gatorade, now being made in a delicious new Orange flavor, as well as the original Lemon & Lime flavor, may be found on grocery and supermarket shelves.

Is Gatorade really "the answer?"

You be the judge.



SPORT BOOK- SHELF



DEEP WATER BY DON SCHOLLANDER AND DUKE SAVAGE

The 1968 Olympics at Mexico City marked the end of Don Schollander's illustrious amateur swimming career, during which he set 22 world records and won five Olympic gold medals. Undeniably, these same "Problem" Olympics revealed the possibility that all-inclusive international competition may have seen its heyday, too. The forces and trends which created this situation at Mexico City are capably discussed in *Deep Water*, a new book by Don Schollander and Yale classmate Duke Savage.

The myth of amateurism undergoes a good deal of criticism from Schollander, particularly concerning American athletes and athletics. He also discusses the irrational pressure of fervent nationalism and describes the situations which taught him that athletic victory in the Olympics is often a means of political propaganda.

Woven in and out of this complexity of doubts and critical observations is an honest and candid look at a gifted athlete. Don takes you through the rigors of training and the other pressures put on him as he prepared for the 1964 Olympics. He exposes the inner strength, determination and steeled nerves that are prerequisites for becoming a champion among champions. He expresses the mixed emotions of a winner trying to protect titles which he knows he must eventually lose; and he describes carefully how and why he

has redefined his standards in life and taken on new goals. The questions he raises here are well worth your consideration.—K.F.

Crown Publishers, Inc. \$5.95
New York, N.Y. 10016



THE UNBELIEVABLE UNSERS BY JOE SCALZO

Around the race track circuit, they are known as "hard chargers." Mingling flamboyant aggressiveness with a studied indifference to danger, only a handful of men have earned such a reputation in recent years: Mario Andretti, A.J. Foyt and Parnelli Jones. Then, in the mid-Sixties, the Unser brothers charged onto the list.

Al Unser reached a pinnacle in his career by winning the Indy 500 in 1970; his older brother Bobby accomplished the same feat two years earlier. As this easily read biography indicates, their victories were nearly inevitable. Once they started racing, the challenges made victory irresistible, and Indy is the greatest challenge of all.

The real fascination of this book lies not in the story of their struggles at Indy, but in its depiction of the family and background that made them champions. There is the father, Jerry, Sr., racer and mechanic; Jerry, Jr., the eldest brother, killed at Indy in 1958, and Louie, now a mechanic though crippled by multiple sclerosis. Scalzo takes us from one dirt track to another, from one county fair to the next, as the Unsers brawl down the brutal road to Indy.

The author does not show why the Unsers developed this dangerous passion. The brothers, he says, are what they are because of what the family was. For those, though, who want to know more about the two men who may well dominate racing in the '70's, this book is a more than ample introduction.—R.W.H.

Henry Regnery, \$6.95.
Chicago, Ill.

LETTERS TO SPORT

CONTINUED

Gilles build up his confidence so he could hold his own against rough teams.

Your story on Gilles Villemure and the other back-up goalies certainly puts credit where credit is due.

Neil Miller
Roslyn, N.Y.

SUDDEN STOP?

I read Sam McDowell's article ("How I'll Win 30 This Year," May) and it certainly gave me a good idea of what Sam McDowell the person is like. He's more selfish than he is as a player. Why doesn't he give his teammates a little of the credit? Without them, Sudden Sam will come to a sudden stop.

P. Thompson
Hazelton, Iowa

BOB SHORT

I have just finished reading. Ed Linn's article on "The Man Who Begs, Buys and Borrows Trouble," (May) and I would like to congratulate Mr. Linn. I am not a Senators' fan, but I might be after this. Mr. Short went to a lot of trouble to bring those three (Flood, McLain and Williams) together.

Steve Gray
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

Too much, it seems, in the case of Curt Flood, now residing in Barcelona or Copenhagen or some such stop far away from Bob Short and his Senators.

LETTERS ON LETTERS

In regard to the letter written by Paul DeRose in your May issue of SPORT, I feel that he was totally unfair in saying that Pete Maravich was neither a team man or a winner. How could anyone say that a pro basketball player wasn't a winner, no matter who they are? As for being a team man, I saw Pete play last March 13 in a crucial game with the Cincinnati Royals. Sit-
(Continued on page 17)

Anything you can do, we can teach you to do better.

Just name your interest. With 49 different career fields to offer, there's almost nothing the Air Force can't teach you. And while no one can give you a better knowledge of mechanics, computers and technical areas in general than we can (after all, we are the largest scientific research organization in the world), you may well find yourself being trained in more surprising skills.

Like musical skills, medical skills, photographic and journalistic skills, and many more. The point is, the Air Force can train you in something that the whole world finds useful.

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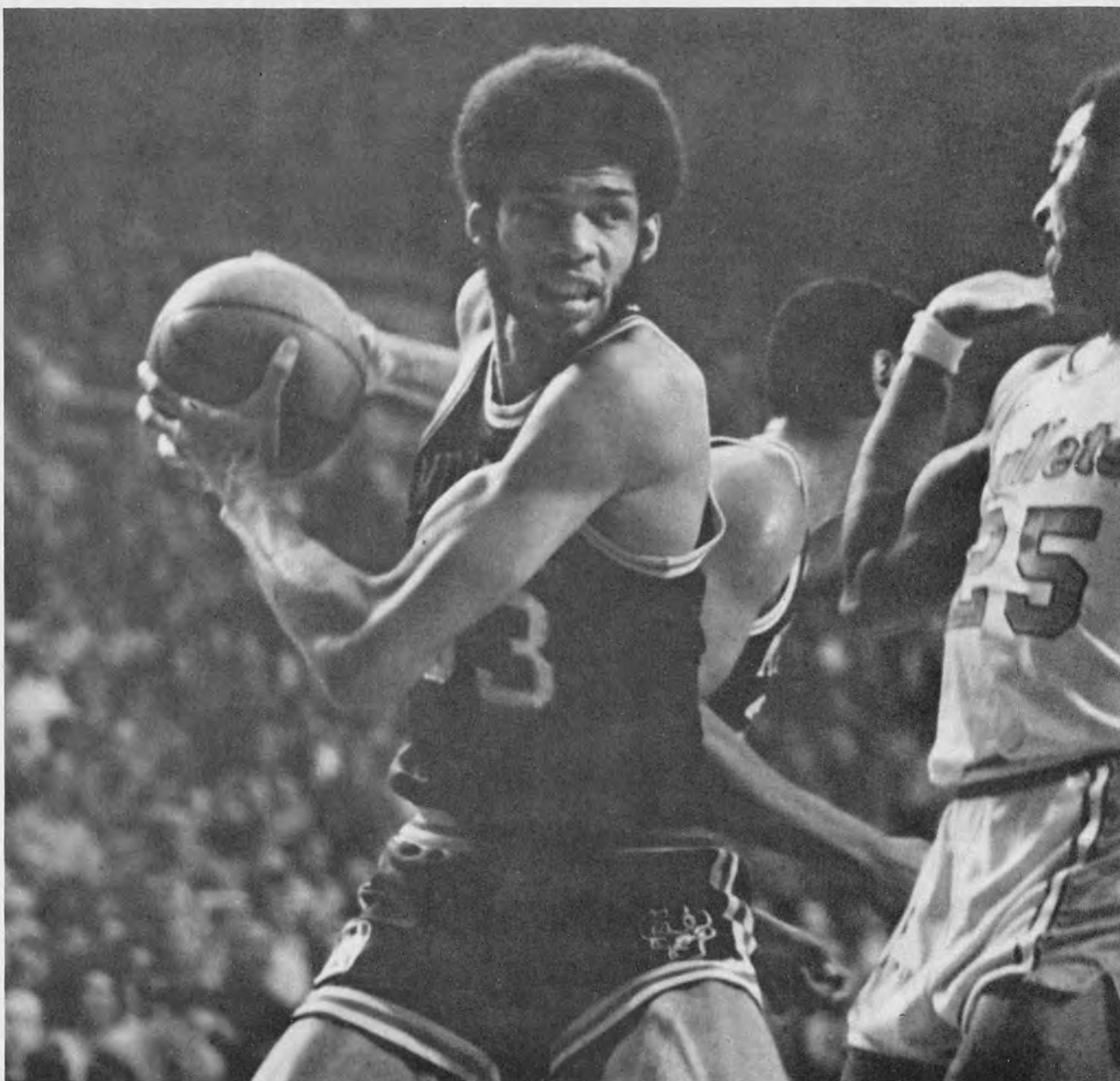
Address

City State Zip

Phone Age

I understand there is
no obligation.

Find yourself in the United States Air Force



Lew Alcindor Wins Dodge Charger

Inevitably, when it was determined that the Milwaukee Bucks and the Baltimore Bullets would meet in the final round for the NBA championship, Lew Alcindor was made the early-line favorite to win SPORT's Most Valuable Player award, and the new Dodge Charger that went with it. After all, Alcindor had been a dominating force in the league all season long, as he had been a year earlier as a rookie. That season, as the Bucks moved from last place to second in their division, he proved that all a brand-new franchise needed to succeed in the world was a 7-2 center

by the name of Lew Alcindor. Last season, with a more experienced Alcindor, the Bucks went to the top. At the end of the regular season Lew was named by his fellow players as the league's Most Valuable Player. Thus, his 'favorite' role in the playoffs. And the favorite came through.

With the invaluable aid of his veteran colleague Oscar Robertson, Lew sparked the Bucks to a four-game sweep of Baltimore. He led his team in rebounding, and he led everyone in scoring and intimidation. A Dodge Charger for Lew Alcindor at age 24.

ting directly behind the Hawks bench, I could see and hear what was going on. If I ever saw a guy work as a team man and one who wanted to win, it was Pete that night.

As for the Hawks' bad record, they were adjusting to Pete's style of play as he was adjusting to playing in the NBA. Even though it took half the season to do it, it was worth it.

Pete had a tremendous amount of pressure put on him, and I admire how he accepted it and coped with it. Paul Hemphill did an excellent job in his article about Pete Maravich. It was an accurate story of Pete's first year as a pro basketball player. Paul DeRose can call me a "Maravich worshipper" if he wants, but I know that Pete is going to be one of the best all-around pro basketball players ever. As for the Atlanta Hawks next year, all I can say is—fantastic!

**Sheri Evans
Nelsonville, Ohio**

After reading the letter in the May issue of SPORT concerning Muhammad Ali, I got the impression that many people do not realize what actually happened to him.

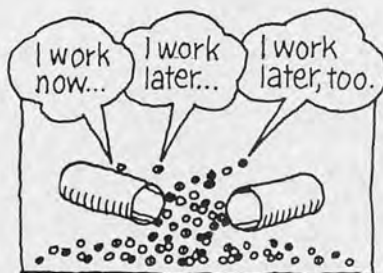
People say that Ali has a big mouth or should leave the country. These people should take a good look at themselves first. If what was done to Ali was done to them, they would talk, too . . . Voltaire once said, "I disagree with what you say, but I'll defend to my death your right to say it." Ali wasn't given this right.

Also he believes as I stated, that the government has no right to control our minds and bodies. Do they? If more draft eligible men felt this way, there wouldn't be a selective service system.

This government and the World Boxing Association owe a lot to Ali, but they will never be able to pay him those three and a half years he lost.

**Robert Parker
Merrick, N.Y.**

English Leather Plus. The anti-perspirant that works like those cold capsules.



You know of course how those famous cold capsules work. Lots of tiny time beads give you three times longer relief.

Well that's the same idea behind new English Leather® Plus. And there's not another anti-perspirant like it.

Until now, anti-perspirants only had one time release action — in the anti-perspirant.

But English Leather Plus has three:

1. A time-release anti-perspirant.
2. A time-release deodorant.
3. A time-release fragrance.

When you first spray on Plus, it works like any good anti-perspirant. It keeps you dry, comfortable, and scented with that great English Leather aroma. Safe from wetness and body odor.

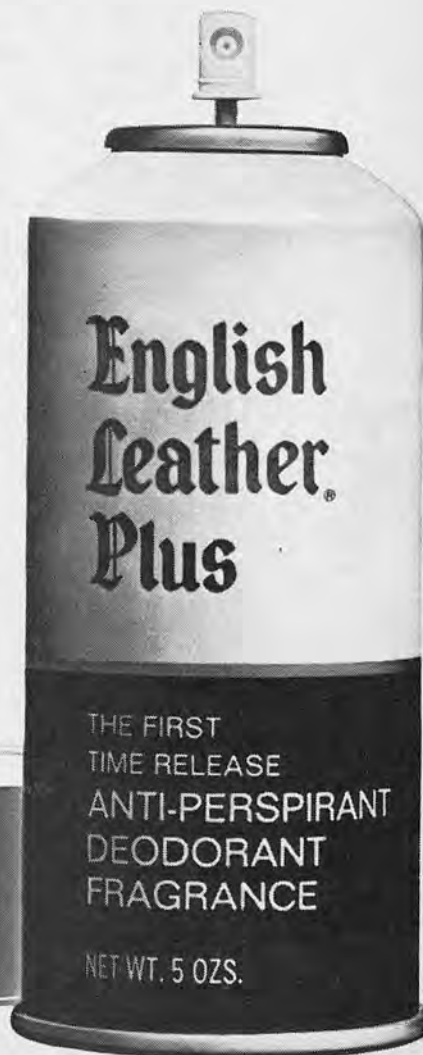
Then, just when other deodorants begin to weaken, Plus comes on strong. At this crucial time—after a long day, and when your body needs it most—Plus releases another booster of deodorant protection and fresh English Leather fragrance.

Zap!

Automatically you have renewed protection against body odor.

That's why Plus keeps you dry and smelling good for a long, long time.

And keeping dry, don't forget, is one way of not catching cold.



SPORT TALK

BY RAYMOND HILL

THE PK MAN

To all Baltimore Bullet fans, a plea for justice: Don't blame the team's failure in the NBA championship series on Lew Aclindor or the Big O. Don't blame it on the Baltimore players, either. Put the blame where it belongs. Blame it on Ted Owens.

How's that? Ted who? Just a moment, fans. Ted Owens happens to have super-human power. By simply concentrating, Ted Owens says, he can control events anywhere on earth or in space—all without leaving his living room. And when the Bullets made Ted Owens mad, he used his power.

It happened during the first quarter of the second playoff game. The Bullets were trailing the Bucks, but not by much, when telecaster Keith Jackson mentioned that "a man in Virginia has offered to cast the evil eye on Mil-

waukee to help Baltimore win." The man from Virginia (Norfolk) was 51-year-old Ted Owens and he had made that offer to Bullet coach Gene Shue, who politely declined it. "That was bad enough," says Owens, "but when Keith Jackson made it public on TV, I immediately called the Baltimore *Sun* and told them: 'I'll wreck the Bullets in the second half. Watch it. I'll make them miss their baskets and I'll throw their timing completely haywire.'" The Bullets trailed by four at the half; they lost the game by 19. The rest of the series was a Milwaukee laugh-in.

"I have stumbled on a way to tap powers from another dimension," says Ted Owens, "not the dimension we live in. I have about 150 techniques, or usages, of the power which I lump under the general heading, 'PK.' Now that's a little misleading, because PK, as it's known in scientific circles, is

psychokinesis (the power of controlling physical objects by the mind only). It's misleading because psychokinesis is just one of my 150 usages."

How did he come by this power? He says solemnly that he inherited it as a child; it was the gift from a race of superintelligent beings from that "other dimension." Owens cannot readily account for the fact that he and nobody else was the recipient of this magic, but he is using it to predict events and to change the course of history, of sports history at least. He claims to be 85 percent accurate at foretelling events. For instance, he warned the government of the great East Coast blackout of 1965 ten days before it happened. He predicted lightning would strike the Apollo 12 spacecraft during launch in 1969, and it did.

Because of his interest in basketball (he's a big Earl Monroe fan) and football, he has been PKing sports events on TV for the last ten years. Not that he needs television to make it work. "Suppose," he says, "there's a big game and they decide to black it out. All I have to do is draw a square on a card, put a team's name in it, stare at it and project what I want to happen to them and—pluto!—that's it."

In the early 1960's Owens began contacting pro football teams and offering his extraordinary services (for a big fee, of course). Most NFL clubs at least answered his letter. One, the Philadelphia Eagles, ignored him. So Owens immediately "doomed" owner Jerry Wolman, coach Joe Kuharich and the whole team to a life of misery following the 1967 season. Wolman is gone, Kuharich is gone and, in the latest bit of Owens' wizardry, quarterback Greg Barton, the man Philadelphia was depending on so much to lead the team back this fall, defected to Canada.

The New York Jets were nasty to Owens, too. Several months before the 1970 season, Owens sent the Jets a telegram stating that he would hurt the team through injuries to several key players. Well, you know what happened.

Feeling stronger than ever, Owens sent letters to 13 NFL teams last February, announcing his intention to hex



WHAT ARE THESE MEN DOING?

During a game against Houston last April Dodger catcher Bill Sudakis (the hatless player, far left) lost a contact lens. The

action came to a standstill, as players and umpires combed the AstroTurf. It was never found, and Sudakis left the game.

WIN A BOX SEAT FILLED WITH \$10,000 CASH!

IN WINSTON'S Hi/Lo BASEBALL SWEEPSTAKES

- 3 GRAND PRIZES—ONE A MONTH FOR 3 MONTHS
- 200-FIFTY DOLLAR CASH PRIZES PER MONTH
- PLUS \$10,000 BONUS* IF MONTHLY GRAND PRIZE WINNER PICKS Hi/Lo SCORING TEAMS OF MONTH
- ALL 603 PRIZES GUARANTEED TO BE GIVEN AWAY
- TO ENTER NEXT MONTH'S SWEEPSTAKES, GET COUPON AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE



OFFICIAL RULES • EASY TO ENTER

1. There will be three separate monthly drawings covering major league baseball games played during June, July and August 1971. Entries for the June drawing must be postmarked by May 31, 1971 and received by June 7, 1971; entries for July must be postmarked by June 30, 1971 and received by July 7, 1971; entries for August must be postmarked by July 31, 1971 and received by August 7, 1971. All entries for the June drawing received by June 7, 1971 and postmarked after May 31, 1971 will be entered in the July drawing. All entries for the July drawing received by July 7, 1971 and postmarked after June 30, 1971 will be entered in the August drawing.

2. Separate entries are required for each month's drawing—June, July and August.

3. On an official entry or on a 3" x 5" piece of paper, print your name, address and zip code and the name and address of your Winston dealer (if any). If you wish to qualify for the Grand Prize bonus, check on the official entry blank* the name of the major league team you expect to score the most runs and the name of the team you expect to score the least runs during the calendar month. See Rule #6 for details.

*If a 3" x 5" piece of paper is used, be sure to print the names of the teams you have selected below your name and address.

4. With each entry send 2 empty Winston packages (King, Super King or Menthol) or the words "Winston Filter Cigarettes" printed in block letters on a 3" x 5" piece of paper. Enter as often as you wish but each entry must be mailed in a separate envelope. Mail to: "Winston's Hi/Lo Baseball Sweepstakes," P.O. Box 9930, St. Paul, Minnesota 55177.

5. Winners will be determined in random

drawings conducted by Spotts International, an independent judging organization whose decisions are final.

6. The Grand Prize in each of three months will be \$10,000 cash plus two box-seat tickets to a major league game. All entries received by the indicated deadlines in Rule #1 will be eligible for the respective month's drawings whether or not the Hi scoring or Lo scoring teams are indicated on their entries. However, if both the Hi scoring team and Lo scoring team (or teams tied for these positions) during the calendar month are designated correctly on a Grand Prize winner's entry, the winner will receive a bonus prize of \$10,000 cash — a total cash prize of \$20,000. 200 other prizes of \$50 each will be awarded in each month's drawing. All winners will be notified by mail.

7. Only one prize to a family. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received each month. All 603 cash prizes will be awarded.

8. Sweepstakes open to residents of the Continental United States and Hawaii only. Entrants must be 21 years of age or older. Employees and their families of R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., its subsidiaries and affiliated companies, its advertising agencies and Spotts International are not eligible. Void in Idaho, Missouri and Washington and wherever else prohibited or restricted by law. All federal, state and local laws, and regulations apply. To obtain a list of winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to "Winston Winners," P.O. Box 9996, St. Paul, Minnesota 55177.

9. Local, state and federal taxes, if any, are the responsibility of the winners.

"To enter next month's sweepstakes, get additional coupons at your favorite store."

Mail to: Winston's Hi/Lo Baseball Sweepstakes
P.O. Box 9930, St. Paul, Minnesota 55177

Please enter me in the Winston Hi/Lo Baseball Sweepstakes. Enclosed are two empty Winston packages, King or Super King Size, or the words "Winston Filter Cigarettes" printed in block letters on a blank 3" x 5" sheet of paper. You can enter as often as you wish but each entry must be mailed separately. See Rule #1 for postmark deadlines covering entries for each month's drawing.

I certify that I am 21 years of age or older.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ Phone No. _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
(Required)

Dealer's Name _____

Dealer's Address _____

To qualify for a Grand Prize bonus, put two check marks in the spaces below. Put one check in the "Hi" column opposite the name of the team you expect to score the most number of runs and one check mark in the "Lo" column opposite the name of the team you expect to score the least number of runs during the calendar month.

HI	LO	HI	LO	HI	LO	HI	LO
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
BALTIMORE ORIOLES	K.C. ROYALS	ATLANTA BRAVES	NEW YORK METS				
BOSTON RED SOX	MINNESOTA TWINS	CHICAGO CUBS	PHILA. PHILLIES				
CALIFORNIA ANGELS	NEW YORK YANKEES	CINCINNATI REDS	PITTS. PIRATES				
CHICAGO WHITE SOX	OAKLAND ATHLETICS	HOUSTON ASTROS	ST. LOUIS CARDS				
CLEVELAND INDIANS	MILWAUKEE BREWERS	L.A. DODGERS	SAN DIEGO PADRES				
DETROIT TIGERS	WASH. SENATORS	MONTREAL EXPOS	S.F. GIANTS				

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NO PURCHASE REQUIRED
ENTRANTS MUST BE 21 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER

KING: 20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine—SUPER KING: 20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine—MENTHOL: 22 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report NOV. '70.

VIEW- POINT SOUTH



BY PAUL HEMPHILL

"Tell you how I wound up here," Scoopie Chappell said, scratching his crew cut and grinning like a little boy. "That was 1950 and I'd won ten straight games for Alex City, when they got this second baseman from a Class-B league and asked me to go on the disabled list so they could make room for him. It was just before a game with LaGrange. I'd already pitched batting practice. So I told 'em to go to hell and they released me on the spot. I walked across the field and signed up with LaGrange, took a uniform off somebody, and went out and beat Alex City, 5-4, in ten innings. And I struck out that second baseman to end the game."

It had been a long time since anybody had asked him to get out his scrapbook, or to tell stories about those days. He is 50 years old now, a freelance house painter in the sleepy west Georgia town of LaGrange. He lives in a rented frame house up the hill from the textile mill. "Seems like I've spent my whole life living in a mill village," he says. Now and then, in the taverns or the barber shops, somebody in town will recognize him. But to most people, especially those who are under 30, he is simply Marvin Chappell, the house painter.

Has it really been that long? It seems only yesterday that the small towns of the South were throbbing with minor-league baseball. Nearly every town of any size had a minor-league club—the state of Georgia alone once had 22—and the biggest men in town were not the businessmen or the mayor but the .400 hitters and the fireballing pitchers. One of the best leagues was the eight-team Class-D Georgia-Alabama, which was stocked with wide-eyed rookies making \$150 a month and fading veterans averaging twice that.

It was in this league that Scoopie Chappell found reasons to live. He began to pitch for Alexander City, Alabama, in 1947, after the war, when he was 26. Over a five-year span there and at LaGrange he won 85 games. When he gave up only one hit pitching a doubleheader, he made Ripley's *Believe It Or Not*. People who remember say he might have gone on up the ladder except for his late start, because he could hit and he had a fastball that hummed. "After that no-hitter a scout came around, but when they told him I was 28 he never talked to me." The league died in 1951. Scoopie was 30, was making only \$300 a month and had five kids, so he took a job at the mill.

Now he is left with a scrapbook, and memories. There are only two minor-league towns in Georgia now, and even the mills don't have teams anymore. He follows the Atlanta Braves on radio and television, but baseball isn't the same when you aren't involved. "Whenever you threw the knockdown you made sure the catcher got the ball back to you fast so you'd have a weapon if the hitter took it serious," he cracked, sitting on a lawn-chair on his front porch in the afternoon sun. We must have been talking for three hours, swapping stories and laughing over midnight escapades. Then I told him about the scout who once said the death of the minors was merciful from one standpoint—it had eliminated the career bush leaguer, the "baseball bum."

Scoopie squinted and thought it over for a while. "Well, I might've been a bum," he said, "but I'll tell you one thing. That was five years I didn't have to work in no textile mill."

SPORT TALK CONTINUED

them because they either ridiculed him publicly or, worse, ignored him. The jinxed teams are Philadelphia ("it's a year-by-year thing now"), Kansas City, Dallas, the Jets, Chicago, Baltimore, Washington, San Diego, Denver, Los Angeles, Miami, Boston and Houston. These teams, according to the PK man, will be lucky to salvage a winning record in 1971.

At least one owner got the message. The Colts' Carroll Rosenbloom, shortly after visiting John Unitas in the hospital (yes, Owens' takes full credit for PKing the Unitas injury) dashed off an urgent letter to Norfolk. "If you will please advise me," Rosenbloom's letter read, "as to a course of action . . . I will do whatever I can to comply." Give me a job, came the reply. But the Colts' boss wrote back: "My fellow owners would never forgive me for signing you up." He suggested Owens see Pete Rozelle. Owens wrote the Commissioner. No answer. Owens says now: "Either I get to sign up or I'll wreck the whole pro football mechanism."

You're free to believe or not about Ted Owens. But if the 1972 Super Bowl pits Buffalo against Atlanta . . .

HE CAME BACK

It happened on June 2, 1967. Bob Johnson, then a 24-year-old pitcher for the Williamsport (Pennsylvania) Mets of the Eastern League, went motorcycling with a teammate, Jerry Hinsley, after a game. They traveled along a mountain road overlooking the town. Johnson's bike, a new one, was giving him trouble and he fell a good ways behind his pal. He was going about 65 or 70 miles per hour when he hit a pile of gravel on the road. Johnson was thrown from his fish-tailing machine. The motorcycle flipped over and landed on his left leg.

Hinsley got Johnson to a nearby hospital in a hurry. He was conscious all the time, unable to take his eyes off the bloody, mangled mess that had

(Continued on page 22)

Engine Vitamins.

New high performance Gas Booster from Du Pont. It supplements your car engine's gasoline "diet". Like vitamins do for you.

Gas Booster fights engine flu brought on by fuel system gum and deposits. You know the symptoms... rough idling... loss of pep and power... that general run-down feeling.

Gas Booster *protects* new engines against engine flu. It helps cure this problem in older engines by removing power-robbing deposits. Helps nourish tired engines back to a peppier performance.

Add a can of Du Pont Gas Booster "vitamins" to your next tank of gasoline. No prescription necessary.



VIEW- POINT EAST



BY VIC ZIEGEL

The advertisement that was the entire back page of the *Morning Telegraph*—a profit-making organization that sells for half the price of a daily-double ticket—alerted readers to a club for the thoroughbred-horse fan, whose benefits would include “junkets . . . to attend classic races both in this country and abroad.”

Ah, yes. The classic race. The Kentucky Derby—Louisville, suh! Chewing fried chicken while the traditional crowd of 100,000 steps on your blanket, spills mint julep on your mint julep and asks you with a grin if you’re having a good time.

Or maybe England’s Epsom Derby is your cup of tea. It’s a race so classic that Americans have never pronounced it correctly. (That’s derby . . . as in ‘darby.’) The trouble with Epsom is that it’s impossible to tear up a batch of losing tickets because the thought persists that the Queen, any queen, may be watching from her royal box. She is favorably impressed by the gentleman she sees through her binoculars, any lens. And then he tears and flings away his tickets, never realizing that the common unthinking act has deprived him of a chance to marry the queen’s favorite niece and live happily ever after, downwind from the royal stables . . .

This summer, my friend Bernie Kirsch, sports editor of the *International Herald Tribune* in Paris, will be sitting in the stands at Chantilly (pronounced shahn-fee, unless it isn’t) and watching the grass-runners at the most beautiful race track and bankruptcy proceeding in the world. I’ll be riding an escalator at Aqueduct in the Borough of Queens. But it’s 4-to-5 that Bernie and I will remember, for a moment at least, the summer day last year spent at Pocono Downs, a modest little track outside Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania.

Pocono Downs. Saturday afternoon. After the ninth race we take a few minutes to review the day’s program (including a horse we were both certain would make us rich until we moved closer to the television set in the clubhouse and realized that the weak contrast on the picture tube made the tote board’s 2-5 look like 25.) And then we put on ties, walk into the Pocono Downs restaurant for dinner and begin handicapping the nine additional races to be held that night.

What club will sponsor my junkets to Pocono Downs this summer, now that Bernie and his Volkswagen have gone to France? Will I ever again see Timonium, or, for the first time, Shenandoah, Scarborough Downs, Finger Lakes, Hagerstown, Great Barrington, not to mention Dover?

They are all eastern race tracks that may never run anything more classic than the triple crown for dray horses. And yet, is there a horse player with soul so dead who has never said, “That BLEEPING jockey couldn’t ride a playground slide!” Who wouldn’t find some of his happiest moments counting the loose leg bandages at a county half-miler?

Will I have to begin riding buses, like the one Bernie and I followed down to Bowie, all the while wondering if the heavy February snowfall of the day before had closed the race track? It hadn’t, and with a few dollars that had once belonged to the state of Maryland in our pockets, we decided to attack Charles Town for nine more races that night. Where our waitress at the track restaurant was the owner of the favorite in the third race . . . But that’s a junket you’ll have to hear about some other time.

SPORT TALK

CONTINUED

been a leg. His left ankle was crushed, the tendons, ligaments and artery all severed. In addition, there was a bone-deep gash just below his left knee. Many of the ligaments in the knee were torn and the inside of the wound was packed with infection-causing coal dust from the mountain road. The only question in the minds of the two examining physicians was where they should amputate, at the knee or the hip. Then the Williamsport team doctor, Max Gingrich, arrived and was able to persuade his colleagues that the entire leg could be saved.

They operated, repaired what they could and beat the infection. Johnson would have a whole leg, but would he be able to return as a ballplayer? “My first thought,” he recalls today, “was that I’d never play ball again. I’d been in the minor leagues for three years and I was beginning to doubt if I’d ever get to the majors, anyway. After the injury I told myself: I’ll try to come back and if I can’t, I’ll go back to school or something.”

He spent a month in the hospital, then began to work the leg back into shape. He took walks and jogged lightly. He worked with weights on the knee. Finally, he began throwing a baseball and he made a startling discovery: He was able to throw better **after** the accident than before. “I was much more aware of where I put that leg down,” he says. “My motion was more deliberate.”

Remarkably, Johnson managed to make eight relief appearances at the end of the 1967 season. He spent 1968 in the Army and most of the next year on two other minor-league teams. Then the New York Mets brought him up at the end of the 1969 season. But there was no room on the Mets’ pitching staff and he was traded to Kansas City, along with outfielder Amos Otis. In 1970, Johnson had a 8-13 record with the Royals, but his crackling fastball got him a 3.03 ERA and 206 strikeouts, best in the American League

(Continued on page 24)

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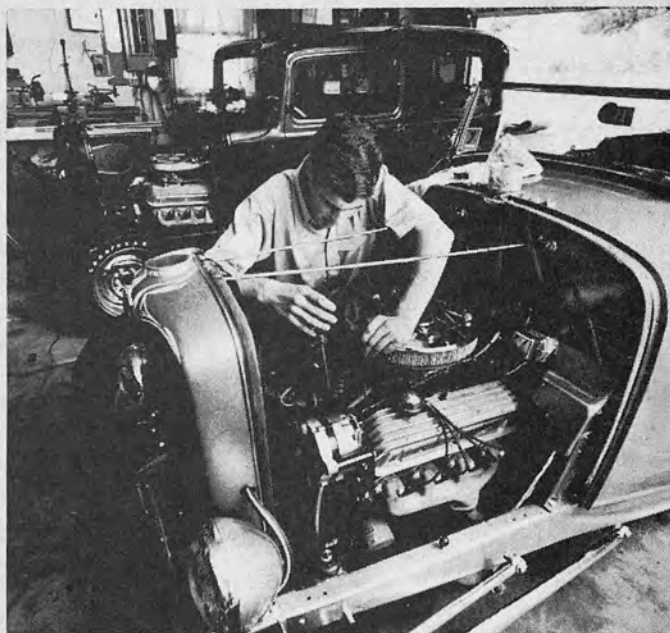
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VIEW- POINT WEST



BY CHARLES EINSTEIN

A new record for length has been established at Redwood High School (in the California community of Larkspur) in the modern-day controversy over how long an athlete can wear his hair.

The record for length does not refer to the length of hair. It refers to the length of the controversy, which first surfaced in the fall of 1969, and shows no signs of wanting to quit. It has been in the courts, the press and the taxpayers' pockets (one member of the school board said, over a year ago, that it had already used up \$50,000 worth of the board's time); and whereas you can tell the athletes without a program—they're the ones with the long hair—it is somewhat more difficult to distinguish among all the other principals. The Principal at Redwood High, for example, has found occasion first to support, then oppose his athletic department.

Part of the box score is that three athletes and three coaches up and quit, but all three coaches are still at the school and one of the athletes who quit during Phase One of the controversy subsequently un-quit, thereby precipitating Phase Two.

There is no evidence that anybody tried a simple line of thought, which is that a haircut is a haircut. Instead, it became A Symbol of Something Far

Deeper than That. . . .you know how the nonsense goes. On the one hand, grown men actually were claiming that the length of a cross-country runner's hair violated the precepts of discipline necessary to insure that Redwood High would turn out good patriotic Americans. On the other hand, the liberals took the bait, and instead of calling a haircut a haircut they too said it was a Symbol . . . which of course was just what the conservatives wanted, since it put the liberals on the defensive. . . .a place they had no real need to be, considering that the cross-country runner whose flowing locks triggered the tempest was the best in his sport in all Northern California. Thanks to a school superintendent who issued an interim directive permitting the boy to compete while the board reached a decision in the matter, he kept running and winning.

Meanwhile, the athletic director at Redwood quit his job. At least, that is how it appeared. In the fine print he quit his job as football coach, not as athletic director.

Meanwhile, the school board held hearings, and after months of public dispute ruled that each school in the district should set down its own rules for athletes' hair—rules the board would then approve or reject.

Now, three Redwood track-team members had resigned in defense of the cross-country guy, but one of them changed his mind and decided to run again. His two coaches said his hair was too long. The Redwood principal, who'd backed the coaches before, now said his hair was okay and let him run. So the two coaches quit, but, like the athletic director before them, not quite. They simply stopped coaching while retaining their other teaching duties, and they were replaced by an English teacher and a history instructor who craved neutrality but satisfied no one.

So now the athletic director and the Principal are at odds. And the school superintendent, who had ruled that the cross-country guy could compete, has given way to a new superintendent who wonders whether Redwood needs a Principal at all. The new superintendent is motivated by considerations other than the length of hair.

Silly him.

SPORT TALK 55 CONTINUED

among righthanders and sixth best in the majors.

Two months after last season, he went to the Pirates in a six-player deal. As this was being written he had made the Pittsburgh pitching rotation. "I wasn't a really religious person before the accident," he says. "I just sort of believed in myself and that was it. That's changed. Now I have beliefs I never had before."

GRIN AND BARE IT

As late as last April, the Chicago Bears were hunting about for a stadium other than their traditional home in cramped, aging Wrigley Field. Owner George Halas was, of course, receptive to all suggestions, no matter how outrageous. Nothing, however, could equal the offer Halas received from a certain Dick Drost of Roselawn, Indiana. Drost, in a telegram, offered the Bears 300 acres of land in Roselawn (which is only a few miles from the team's summer training camp in Rensselaer), complete with a private lake, airstrip, gymnasium facilities and office building.

Now, everyone knows George Halas never turns his back on a good deal. Why then did Drost's telegram go unanswered? Was it because Halas wanted to keep the club in Chicago? Perhaps, but it's more likely he was turned off at the thought of building a stadium smack in the middle of the nation's largest nudist resort.

Naked City is the name Dick Drost gave those 300 acres and he is the proprietor. Though the telegram functioned in part as an advertisement for the resort and its activities (including the famous Miss Nude America contest to be held this August), Drost contends he was serious. "What we would actually do," he says, "is lease the Bears 30 or 40 acres for a stadium. I think they would be very happy here. The coexistence between nudists and non-nudist has always been excellent at Naked City. Oh, some of our people are shy, but it shouldn't present a problem."

VIEWPOINT MIDWEST



BY BRENT MUSBURGER

The blond hair is almost gone now. The nose is squashed slightly closer to the right side of his face, but Bobby Hull still receives the same warm greeting whenever he charges down the ice in the Chicago Stadium.

A hockey fan in Chicago believes a goal is coming each time the puck touches Hull's slightly curved blade. A Hull fan likes to start his ovation early, and there are over 600 occasions when it wasn't such a bad idea.

They've retired, but Jimmy Brown and Sandy Koufax reminded me a lot of Hull at work. All three seemed to be totally absorbed in what they were doing. Koufax never took his eye off John Roseboro's mitt. Brown was always glaring underneath the helmet of Sam Huff. Hull is always looking for Ed Giacomin's stick.

"It's different than when I was a kid," admits Hull, who unlike Koufax and Brown is comfortable talking about himself and his talent.

"I used to be able to play hockey all day and night. Now I get tired. The crowd still excites me, though. I hear them and I try to give them what they want."

What hockey fans really want to see is Hull rush the opponents' blue line and let fly with that awesome slap shot. Once timed in excess of 100 miles an hour, the shot is slower now. But the mind's eye doesn't notice, as Hull cocks the stick above his head. He could have

been the greatest lumberjack in the history of forests, but his father put him on skates at the age of three and that was that.

"When I was 12 years old, I skated on the same line with my father on an amateur team," recalls Hull. "They called him the 'Blond Flash.' He had a shot that was hard enough to break the boards."

Robert Marvin Hull senior is now 60, but during the Stanley Cup playoffs he picked up a stick, walked onto the Stadium ice following a Hawk practice and demonstrated to Bobby's younger brother, Dennis, how he could put the puck past the stingy Giacomin. "The series should not have lasted seven games," snorted Hull the elder. "We wasted too many damn chances." So much for parental bias.

In the semi-final series against the New York Rangers, Bobby scored only two goals but they accounted for half the Hawks' four victories. Oddly, both were scored off face-offs, the first winning game no. 5 in sudden death, and the second putting the Blawck Hawks ahead to stay in the third period of the seventh game.

"Hull had his best all-around season this year," says coach Billy Reay. "He's learned to appreciate the other aspects of hockey. He defends and sets up plays and that makes him more dangerous when he does get the puck. People tend to think of Bobby only in terms of scoring, but he's a more complete player now than he's really ever been."

It's a sign of maturity that Bobby Hull no longer believes in doing everything by himself. "You don't assign someone to shadow Bobby Hull like you once did," explained J.C. Tremblay of the Montreal Canadiens. "He doesn't skate all over the ice like he used to. He stays on his wing." Even so, Hull remains second only to Bobby Orr as a drawing card around the league. Except in Chicago. There he's still number 1.

LETTERS TO SPORT

CONTINUED

Imagine the problems, though, if the Bears were required to play their games wearing the uniform of the typical Naked City resident. Would they then have to change their name to the "Bares" ("That would be nice," says Drost)? Would Chicago, er . . . Naked City bubblegum cards get an X rating? Would the young viewer of Bares' game films on "This Week In The NFL" have to be accompanied to the TV room by a parent or guardian? How would CBS and NBC cover the games? "I guess," laughs Drost, "they'd have to position their cameras to show only the chests and helmets. For that matter, the helmets would be the only way you could tell the teams apart."

The concept of nude football boggles the mind. It could be the biggest innovation since the forward pass. The sport's effect on the national scene could be devastating. "I think it would be beneficial," says Drost. "More women would watch the games than ever before."

BLACKBOARD BUNGLE

Former Detroit Lion tackle Darrell Sanders played for Woody Hayes at Ohio State. He recalls an afternoon when OSU was behind 10-7 at halftime and Woody was in a rage.

"He was at the blackboard," says Sanders. "He wrote the word 'DE-SIRE' on the board. Then he wrote 'EXECUTION.' All the time he was getting madder and madder and his writing was getting bigger and bigger."

"Finally, just before Woody sent us out, he got so mad that he slammed his fist into the blackboard. His fist went right through it and he couldn't get it out. Woody had to drag the blackboard with him across the locker room to send us out onto the field."

CONDITIONS AND COMMENTS

Following the last NFL draft someone asked Cowboy defensive back Cornell Green if his team had drafted any "sleepers."

(Continued on page 26)

VIEWPOINT SOUTHWEST



BY MICKEY HERSKOWITZ

Perhaps nothing that happens in this country can surprise you any more, but it was rated a large upset when the people of Dallas elected as their mayor a former sports announcer.

Having served two years as a city councilman, Wes Wise did not exactly come to the voters as just another pretty voice. But for a fellow who used to be happy describing an end sweep, or giving the scores from the Texas League, he has risen rather dramatically.

Sports and politics, of course, have been getting mixed up with each other for some time. Every national candidate of recent vintage has paraded his "house jocks." In the last election, the citizens in and around Buffalo sent Jack Kemp to Congress, on the theory, no doubt, that a guy who had played quarterback for the Bills knew what to do in a pileup. And California gave a seat in the Senate to John Tunney who, if the going gets rough, can ask his old man, Gene, to whip everybody else's old man.

At any rate, that was an all-sports final they had in Dallas in late April, when Wise stunned the establishment candidate, 60-year-old Avery Mays, whose son, Jerry, won fame as an SMU and Kansas City football hero.

Phoning the mayor-elect to offer my good wishes, and to seek his help in getting a hotel room for the Texas-

Oklahoma weekend, I inquired how the miracle had occurred. He replied that he had been asking himself that very same question. Lined up behind Avery Mays, Jerry's daddy, were the city's newspapers, the political old guard, endorsements from the fire and police unions and a campaign chest estimated at \$200,000. Against this kind of clout, Wise could mount a budget of less than \$15,000. "I telephoned a few Dallas millionaires who are involved in sports," he confided. "Over the years I had helped them, and I thought they might want to help me. Damned few did."

One exception was Gordon McLendon, known to a generation of baseball radio nuts as The Old Scotsman. It was McLendon who lured Wise from Monroe, Louisiana, to Dallas, where he joined Gordon on the Liberty network's Game of the Day, in which an announcer would sit in a studio, read the action off a Western Union tape and go crazy while a record produced crowd noises behind him. That experience, as much as anything, surely prepared Wes Wise for his later career in politics. Actually, he went easy on his sports and television background, knowing that the opposition would attempt to portray him as a 21-inch image. They did, referring to him constantly as a guy who had done nothing for the people except come into their living rooms at night.

The strategy backfired. Wise, 42, rode the ecology issue, giving away litter bags made of a material that could be used as compost, and driving around town in a borrowed car that operated on propane. Much of his support came from the Little League and high school tykes, now grown, at whose banquets he had spoken over the years as a Dallas sportscaster.

So Wise won with a combination of the youth vote, the protest vote and the Little League vote. In return, Dallas now has a mayor who, when things go wrong, will at least sound good explaining why.

SPORT
TALK  CONTINUED

"Well," replied Gordon, "if we have, they better wake up by July."

Baltimore Bullet Fred Carter on Philadelphia's Archie Clark: "I really dig those moves of his. You know, he comes down the court, throws those wicked head fakes, then burns you with that jumper. I call him 'Shake 'N Bake.'"

This fall, on October 9, ABC-TV plans to air the Notre Dame-Michigan State football game in direct competition with the baseball playoffs on NBC. Since ABC had the option of telecasting another game later in the evening, why did they choose to go up against baseball? "Because," explains publicist Beano Cook, "we figure there are more Catholics than baseball fans in the country."

AW, QUIT IT

Baseball players are always willing to do each other a good turn—and sometimes they wind up regretting it. That happened to Donn Clendenon when he was with Pittsburgh. The Pirates were playing Milwaukee in a game that was to mark the final appearance of the great Warren Spahn in that city.

"Willie Stargell was the first hitter," Clendenon remembers, "I was next and Bill Mazeroski was last. Maz comes up to me just before we go to bat and says we ought to all strike out for Spahn. It's going to be his last game there and it would be good for the fans."

Clendenon, figuring it was Spahn's last year in the majors, agreed. "Stargell strikes out, I strike out and Maz strikes out, and the fans give Spahn a big hand for his pitching."

It wasn't Spahn's last year. Next season he came to the Mets as a pitcher and pitching coach.

"That made me mad," says Clink. "I strike out enough on my own when I'm not trying to strike out and I had to give one away to a guy who didn't quit."

**THE TEST MARGARET COURT
CANNOT PASS**

(Continued from page 49)

Frank Sedgman. And at 17 she won her first major title, the 1960 Australian Championship, stunning a furious Maria Bueno in the final.

Seventeen. A very tender age for an athlete to come into international prominence. A very difficult age to cope with the pressures and demands which confront champions.

After that first shocker over Bueno, Margaret won the Australian title six times in a row. But the early years were harsh ones, and she was rocked by several failures and the unnerving criticisms that followed. Wimbledon has always been THE TEST for her. It has been the focal point of frustrations and triumphs.

In 1961, though weakened by a viral infection, she won the two tournaments prior to Wimbledon and was built up as a sensational prodigy capable of winning the title on her first try. People expected too much. Margaret lost her quarter-final match to Britain's Christine Truman, a defeat for which she was grilled in the press. She wanted to forget, but she couldn't.

Memories of the collapse lingered, and whispered doubts echoed, as Margaret went to Wimbledon in 1962.

She met Billie Jean in the first round, their first encounter ever. They were single girls then, teenyboppers of 19 and 18 with last names of Smith and Moffitt. Margaret, seeded No. 1, was expected to atone for the previous year's failure. The pressure was intensified because of her feud with the Australian Lawn Tennis Association over restrictions placed on the official Aussie touring team.

Billie Jean, unseeded and as yet undistinguished in singles, won in three sets as Margaret fell apart—the first time the No. 1 seed at Wimbledon had failed to get past the first round. That was the most bitter defeat Margaret suffered, and the first blow in a struggle for supremacy which lasted through most of the '60s and has spilled over into a new decade.

The British, who are enamored with the concept of "imperturbability" as the all-important ingredient in a champion, were beginning to believe that Margaret had faulty nerves. They thought of her as a fighter loaded with talent but lacking "heart." She could win big ones, but not the *biggest*.

Margaret had some self-doubts, too. It was a traumatic experience that might have fizzled a promising young athlete. But she decided to dig in and

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THE TEST MARGARET COURT CANNOT PASS

drive herself with the austerity that has since become her keenest weapon. And she succeeded.

Pulling herself together after the 1962 Wimbledon disaster, she ram-paged through the American circuit, whipping Billie Jean twice in straight sets and winning her first U.S. title at Forest Hills.

But her conquest—over herself and the rest of the women's tennis world—could never be complete until she won at Wimbledon. That came in 1963. She survived a grueling semi-final against American Darlene Hard, her victim in the Forest Hills final a year earlier, to reach the final for the first time. On the other side of the net, like a flashback from a cheap melodrama, was Billie Jean Moffitt.

Margaret won the first set and went up 4-0 in the second, then started to lose her grasp. Everybody strained to watch the nerves fraying, to see if they would snap. They didn't. She closed out the match, 6-3, 6-4. She was the world champion.

The experience had drained her emotionally. "When I think back to those years," she says now, "it frightens me. It frightened me then. I would be ready to go out on the center court

and I would dread the thought. I didn't learn to relax and really enjoy tennis until much later."

She does not look as though she would frighten easily. She is a big woman, a strong woman, a handsome woman. She wears her short brown hair in bangs. She has an attractive face that, curiously, becomes more attractive when she is on the court, under stress. She is six feet tall and she has built her game on power, but she moves with grace. She plays with utmost concentration and she is typically Australian in her good manners and impassivity. But there is more underneath all of that impassivity.

She won Wimbledon a second time in 1965, after losing the '64 final to Maria Bueno. Then, early in 1966, she decided she had had enough.

"I had won just about everything except the Grand Slam, and I was tired and bored with everything," Margaret recalls. "I had gone five years without a break from competition or training. It was too much.

"It was a wonderful life, even with the hard times now and then. I had no regrets. But I had given up most of my teenage years, sacrificed the parties and the friends back home, and

I wanted to try to catch up on some of that."

She went home to Perth and, with an old friend, opened a teenage boutique called Peephole. She worked as a clerk in the shop, lived a normal, quiet life, and met Barry Court, whom she married in October 1967.

Court, the son of Western Australia's Minister of Industry (and a wool broker), was a yachtsman who had never played tennis. But it was at his suggestion that Margaret resumed her career after 16 months without touching a racket.

"He had never seen me hit a tennis ball," she remembers. "About three months after our marriage, we were visiting some friends who had a court. We fooled around a little bit. I was barefoot and wearing shorts, but I surprised myself and hit the ball pretty well. Our friends said I should enter the upcoming state championship, and Barry thought that was a good idea. I lost to Billie Jean, but I was satisfied with the way I played.

"We decided that since I did so well, we should go away. I wanted Barry to meet all the people I had met when I was tripping the world. And it was so much easier traveling with my hus-

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THE TEST MARGARET COURT CANNOT PASS

band. Tennis didn't seem as important as it had before, and I enjoyed it more that way. I got to see things I had missed when I spent all my time on the courts."

Margaret's game, though remarkably intact after such a long layoff, still needed some sharpening. She fell into a few bad habits on her return, but they were slight technical flaws. She ironed them out in September 1969.

The results were graphic. After winning three of the Big Four singles' titles in three separate years (1962, '65 and '69), she finally won the Grand Slam.

Very few people know it—it wasn't publicized at the time—but Margaret should not even have played at Forest Hills last September. The specialist who treated her ankle in London advised against it. He wrote a letter to her husband suggesting that she rest and not take chances. Barry Court didn't show her the letter until after she beat Rosemary Casals in the final.

That should have been a great story, but it wasn't. Margaret didn't tell anybody how painful the injury still was, how tightly she had to strap it, how she wondered sometimes whether it would cave in under her.

Other players would have doubted

her. They would have thought she was setting up excuses. "I was sure she was faking the whole thing even at Wimbledon," said one high-ranking American player. "Then I saw her strapping the ankle one day at Forest Hills. It was so ugly—all black and blue and swollen—that it nearly made me sick."

Margaret is not popular with most of her colleagues, especially the Americans. Maybe it's because she's naturally quiet and withdrawn. Maybe it's because she developed her game and her career individually, not as part of a clique. Maybe it's envy. Maybe it's resentment of Margaret's diffidence, her endless "I played pretty well I guess" chit-chat. Tennis is growing as a spectator sport, and the women are battling and scratching for their share of prize money. Many of them are frustrated that the No. 1 player in the world has very little conception of promotion and virtually no glamour. "Damn it, Margaret must have earned \$60,000 in prize money easily last year," guessed one American gal. "She should have doubled that figure for publication, but she wouldn't."

And so the ghost image grows, writers continue to describe her in terms of titles and statistics. So many dozen

major championships. So much prize money. Such and such a record against such and such a player. This many games or matches in a row, and that many winning volleys.

Last year, the story about Margaret which got the most mileage as she won the Grand Slam was a unique study out of the Human Biomechanics Laboratory in London which analyzed strength and physical condition, concluding that she is "a non-Amazonian and just too tall to be a perfect physical specimen." She may be the only tennis player in history to be remembered in tales of the tape.

Maybe it's better that way. Sometimes people ask Margaret questions about things like politics, and she gets into trouble. Last year an offhand comment to the effect that "at least in South Africa they take a definite stand on racial questions" didn't do her image any good.

Margaret Court is what she is: a fantastic tennis player.

Soon it will be another first Friday in July, another Wimbledon Ladies' final, another severe test for Margaret Court on a tennis court.

That's the one people should judge her by. ■

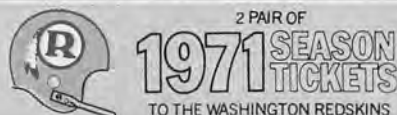
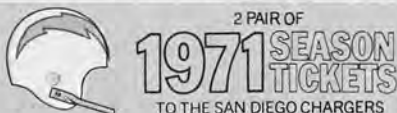
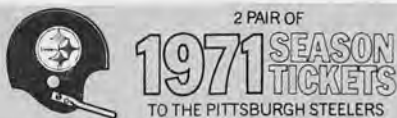
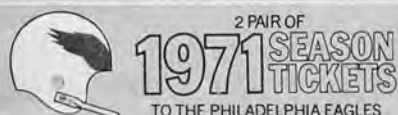
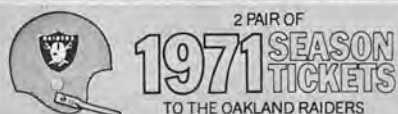
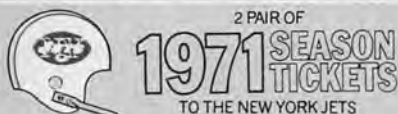
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INSIDE FACTS

BY ALLAN ROTH

Approximately 100 former ballplayers are now employed as coaches by the 24 major-league clubs, ranging in playing ability from one member of the Hall of Fame, Luke Appling, to a number of coaches who never played ball in the majors . . . About 25 percent of the current group of coaches either never performed in the big leagues or had very limited careers . . . But an outstanding all-star team could be selected from their ranks.

In addition to Appling, now a White Sox coach, former stars who are now coaching in the majors include Yogi Berra, Ken Boyer, Larry Doby, Nellie Fox, Jim Gilliam, Harvey Haddix, Elston Howard, Larry Jansen, Ted Klu-

szewski, Eddie Mathews, Pete Reiser, Johnny Sain and Eddie Yost . . . And of course, there's Ernie Banks, listed as a player-coach by the Cubs.

Other less glamorous names have been extremely successful major-league coaches, with the champion Baltimore Orioles' staff a good example . . . Pitching coach George Bamberger pitched in only ten major-league games, with an 0-0 record . . . Jim Frey never played in the majors and George Staller played in only 21 games . . . Only the Orioles' senior coach, Billy Hunter, made it as a player in the majors—for six years and 630 games . . . Heading the staff is Earl Weaver, with no major-league playing experience.

Of the 24 major-league pitching coaches, 22 were pitchers in their playing days, two were catchers—Al "Rube" Walker of the Mets and Norm Sherry of the Angels . . . The pitching coaches of the 1970 division champs of the N.L.

(Larry Shepard of the Reds and Don Osborn of the Pirates) never pitched in the majors . . . Pitching coaches with very limited major-league experience as players, in addition to George Bamberger, include Red Adams of the Dodgers, Cot Deal of the Indians, Ray Rippelmeyer of the Phillies and Mel Wright of the Cubs.

The most successful major-league pitchers who are now pitching coaches are Johnny Sain of the White Sox (139-116 in majors), Harvey Haddix of the Red Sox (136-113) and Larry Jansen (122-89) . . . Jim Turner is the senior pitching coach in the majors, now in his 17th year with the Yankees, in addition to five seasons with the Reds . . . Overall senior coach in the majors is George Susce of the Senators, now in his 27th season . . . Senior coach in continuous service with one club is the Twins' Frank Crosetti, now in his 25th year as an A.L. coach (22 years with the Yankees).

WES SANTEE

WHERE HAVE YOU GONE?



The loneliness and frustration of long-distance running affects different men in different ways. Jim Ryun (see page 40) met, and seemingly conquered, his problems through a period of introspection. Ryun's good friend and fore-runner at Kansas, Wes Santee, was almost the exact opposite. "Physically, Jim is superb, the best," says Santee. "But he's not a vicious type runner as I was. Jim is just too nice a guy." Santee at his peak was cocky and defiant and met all challenges—both on the field and off—head on.

Santee joined the University of Kansas track team in 1951 and immediately gained a national reputation in the mile run. People saw in the lanky, crew-cut boy the potential to become the world record holder. It never happened. The world record in the mile, 3:58, was held by Australian John Landy, and Santee, in his brief five-year career, never broke the four-minute mark. But his best times—4:00.5, 4:00.6, 4:00.7, 4:01.2 and 4:01.3—were better than any American runner of his period. The headlines of his magnificent

"failures" were often accompanied by more sensational and less complimentary stories. One such tale concerned Santee's alleged acceptance of "gifts" during a tour of Germany with an AAU team in 1953. Another story held that he misused AAU expense money while in California in 1955. For this last charge, the AAU National Committee suspended Santee, then reinstated him, and finally suspended him indefinitely in 1956, preventing him from attending the Olympics in Melbourne that year. Throughout the furor, the "Kansas Cowboy" maintained that he had done nothing unlawful.

Today Santee is the co-owner of a prosperous insurance company in Lawrence, Kansas, where he lives with his wife and three children. At age 39, he is a scant ten pounds over his college weight and is active in the Marine Corps Reserve (he's a major), high school clinics and lectures. "What happened to me hasn't affected me negatively," he says. "The publicity about what they did (the AAU suspension) has made me a million dollars."

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How I See The NBA Next Year

BY JERRY WEST

As Told To Bill Libby

Jerry's opinions
are candid and
knowledgeable
some will
surprise you



Coming out of the playoffs with its first NBA championship, Milwaukee may be on its way to a new dynasty in pro basketball. Many observers inside and outside of the league think so and I, myself, think they have a good chance, but I don't think it's going to come easy to them. I think New York, which some thought was starting a dynasty last season, knows now it doesn't come easy. And I think the league is getting so well balanced that it will be tough for any team to even approach the 11 titles Boston won in 13 seasons. There may be some real surprises next season.

For me, the surprise of the playoffs was the Baltimore Bullets knocking out New York in the semi-finals. That really shocked me. I consider it the greatest single accomplishment of my time in the NBA. I didn't think they could do it and I'd be surprised if they did it if the two began a new series tomorrow. But they did it. I think this made it easy for Milwaukee to sweep the finals in four straight games, most of which weren't really very close. But I don't think the Bucks will find future playoffs so easy.

The main reason Baltimore beat New York was on the boards, I think. Willis Reed's knee and shoulder clearly were bothering him. He couldn't block shots the way he

usually can and he couldn't rebound the way he can. He had no mobility. If New York has a weakness it is up front on the boards. With Reed handicapped, only Dave DeBusschere was an effective rebounder. I think only DeBusschere, Walt Frazier and Dick Barnett played up to their ability. Otherwise, this wasn't the New York Knicks I'd seen the last year and a half.

Baltimore would have been a lot tougher with a healthy Gus Johnson, but even without him the Bullets did a great job off the boards and I think most of the key points they needed they got on rebounds and second and third shots. Baltimore's center Wes Unseld is a very underrated player. He's not a great shooter, but he's a fine rebounder, gets the ball away fast and is very mobile. Jack Marin and John Tresvant hit the boards hard and the Bullets had an edge when they needed it.

Gene Shue did a fine job with the Bullets. They ran a controlled offense very well and they played very tough. They got a big lift from Earl Monroe at key times. Monroe also is very underrated. (Continued on page 84)

West covered some of the playoffs for ABC and the final round for SPORT. What he saw of the Milwaukee Bucks (right), as Alcindor and Robertson combined to demolish Baltimore, convinced him that the Bucks will be the team to beat in '71-72.



No. 8 stood at the plate in his unmistakable semi-crouch, bat cocked high, arms pulled back, foot firmly planted—his trademark hitting style. He glared at the pitcher, a young Cleveland lamb named Ray Lamb. The first pitch came in letter-high, on the outside corner. He swung fiercely. Strike One.

It had been a good day of a good week at the start of what looked like another super season for Carl Yastrzemski. He was already hitting well over .300, was tied for the league lead in home runs and was runner-up in runs batted in. The Red Sox were second in their division, breathing hard on the World Champion Baltimore Orioles. Yesterday Yaz had homered and the Red Sox lost, but two days before his homer had won the game. So far today his best hit had been a first-inning single, but he had contributed to the Sox's 4-1 lead in other ways. In the big fifth the Indians had been forced to pitch to Reggie Smith because Yaz was to hit next, and Smith had doubled home two runs. In the home half of the fifth, pitcher Gary Peters weakened and Yaz, playing leftfield again after a full season at first base, had knocked down a sinking liner to hold one hitter to a single and then made a strong throw on the following hit to hold the runners to a base advance, the two plays limiting the Indians to one run.

Now, in the eighth inning, Lamb threw his second pitch. Low. Ball one. He threw again. Yaz stepped into it, the body bent back, the power coming from the planted left foot. But the pitch tailed away from him and he looped it lazily into leftfield. An easy out.

As Yaz crossed first base and turned back toward the Red Sox dugout, the boos began. Not a lot. Not loud. But there—unmistakably there.

There is something about baseball's highest salaried player that will always draw boos—but not the sort that come routinely to every other superstar. When Yankee Stadium booed Micky Mantle after a strikeout, there was something peculiarly and amiably human about the sound,

Is YAZ Worth All That Money?

The question arises because he is baseball's most misunderstood superstar. Players, managers, friend and foe testify

BY EDWIN KESTER, JR.

a way of saying, "See, Mantle? You're not so great. You're just human like the rest of us." When Ted Williams was booed, it was a form of tribute—a grudging comment on the man's independence, his refusal to truckle to applause. Yaz's boos carry a malevolent, hostile tone. The die-hard Carl Yastrzemski-haters boo on the best days of his best years and at his best moments, refusing ever to acknowledge his superiority. And the anti-Yaz faction exists not only in the stands and in the bleachers, but in the press boxes and the dugouts.

Is Carl Yastrzemski worth \$500,000 for three seasons' play? The question itself is significant. No one asks it about Willie Mays, who also got a wintertime raise to more than \$150,000 a season, or Frank Robinson, who now is in a similar salary bracket. Nor about Henry Aaron or Roberto Clemente, two more of baseball's elite. But when the word went out last winter that baseball's most generous owner, Tom Yawkey, had gifted his star outfielder with such a munificent contract, the outcry was immediate, insistent—and anti. You would think the Yaz-boosers were spending their own money.

Is Yaz worth \$500,000? One shrewd judge and impartial observer would seem to be Ted Williams, the

Senators' manager. Himself a well-paid star as a player, Williams preceded Yaz in leftfield for the Red Sox and coached him with his hitting when Yaz was a rookie. The two inevitably invite comparison, for both are avid, scientific students of hitting, and both bore reputations as sulky, individualistic players.

"Well, he can do it all," Williams says of Yaz, lapsing into baseball's favorite cliché of player analysis. "He can hit, he can hit with power, he can run, he can throw, he's great in the field. He's sharp at the plate. He's an outstanding hitter. But I question that he's the best hitter in the American League. No, I question that."

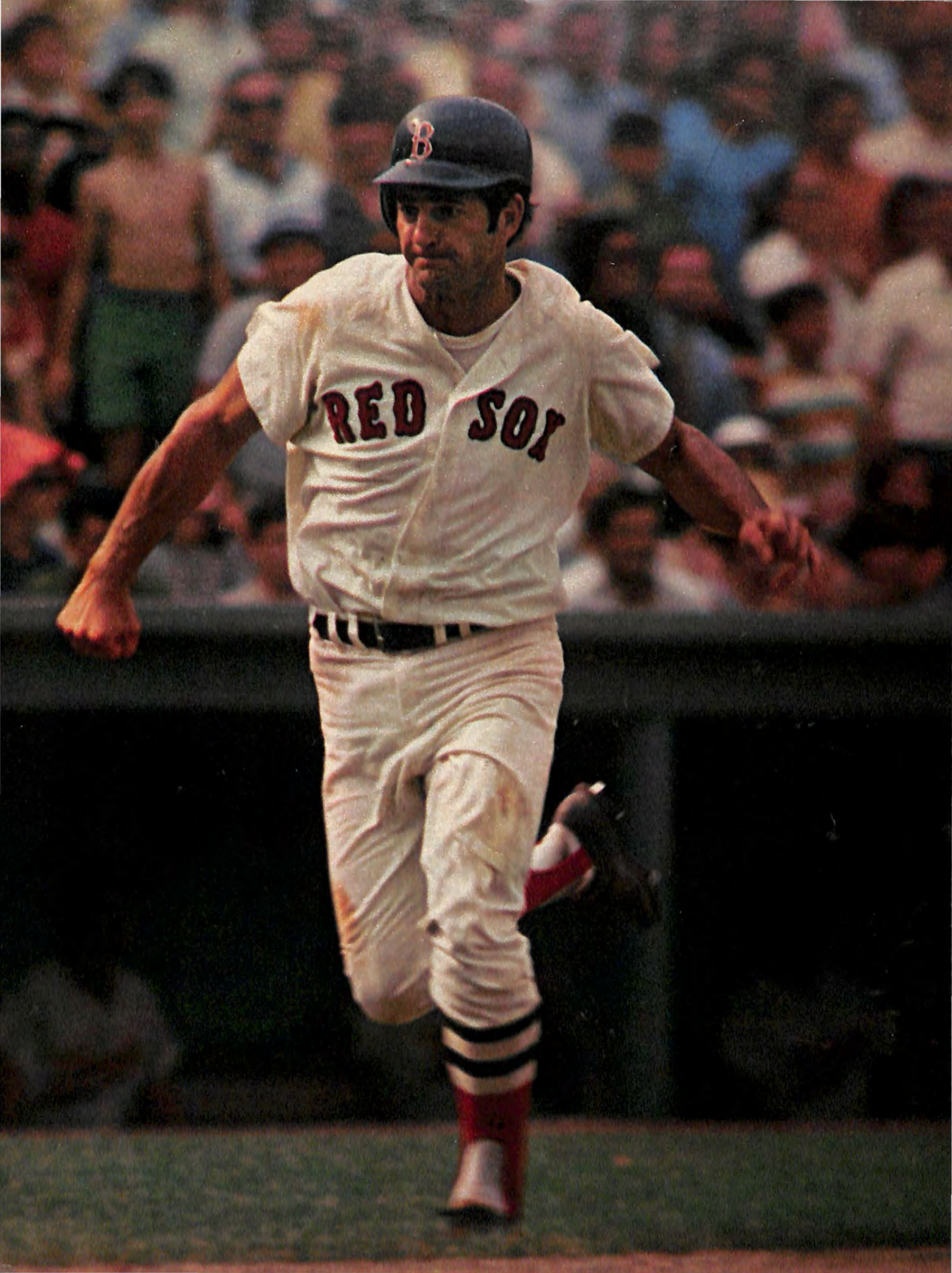
Who would Williams place above him?

"I don't know, I'd have to think about that. You're asking about *him*. I question that it's *him*."

What about his \$500,000 salary? Is he worth that much money?

"You'd have to look at his record. What's his lifetime average? How many hits he got? How many home runs? That's where you decipher things like that. It's his whole career that counts."

When you do as Williams suggests, you can only be impressed by Yaz's statistics. In ten major-league seasons he has a lifetime batting av-



erage of .297, with 242 home runs and 869 RBIs. He has won the batting title three times, and last year lost a fourth by only .0003 of a point to Alex Johnson of the Angels. Three times in the last four years he has hit more than 40 home runs and driven in more than 100 RBIs (only Harmon Killebrew can match him in the AL). He has won five Golden Glove awards, played in six All-Star games, and in 1967 was chosen Most Valuable Player in the American League.

That season was one of the greatest ever put together by a single player. Yaz not only won the triple crown but led the league in runs and hits as well, and his inspirational play literally carried the Red Sox to the pennant on the last day of the season. In the World Series he hit .400, with three homers and five RBIs.

Unfortunately, Yaz's record also shows some negative statistics. In his ten full years with the Red Sox they have employed five managers—seven, if you count fill-ins Ed Popowski and Pete Runnels. And Yaz has publicly knocked four of them. Three—Johnny Pesky, Billy Herman and Dick Williams—have reciprocated by accusing him of failure to hustle.

Yaz's present manager is Eddie Kasko, a lean, taciturn man who played shortstop in front of left-fielder Yaz in 1966. When you ask him if Yaz hustles, he looks at you like you are the village idiot. "I can't think of one day he didn't bust his ass out there last year," Kasko says. "He played 161 games, he did everything you had to have from a guy, as good a year as you could imagine one guy having. I don't see how you could accuse him of dogging it."

What about the charge that Yaz only puts out when he feels like it, and thus promotes friction with the rest of the team? "I've never seen it," Kasko says. "He gets along well with everybody, in my experience. He's a quiet guy, but a leader. He leads by example. You know, you can yell all you want but if you don't get the job done nobody will listen."

Then there is Dick Williams, now manager of the Oakland A's. Two years after they won the pennant together, Williams fined Yaz \$500 for allegedly loafing after a fly ball.

"Yastrzemski? He plays up in Boston, doesn't he?" Williams answered my question jokingly. "He's a hell of a player. A hell of a player."



Red Sox owner Tom Yawkey's "philosophy of sport" is to pay players generously. To Yaz he gave the biggest gift.

In '67 he had the greatest single year I ever saw one player have. But I don't think I'd care to comment about him beyond that. I'm not going to get involved in any dispute."

Among players there is agreement on only one point about Yastrzemski: he is an intractable loner. "Shyness," says a former Notre Dame classmate, citing Yaz's humble origins in the potato fields of outer Long Island. "Self-centeredness" say others who have followed the Sox for a while. One of the latter commented to me: "I was surprised to

find that Yaz has four children. I didn't think he ever cooperated with anyone for that length of time." One of the kinder comparisons likens him to Joe DiMaggio, who also was a gifted all-around performer but kept largely to himself.

In his gossipy autobiographical diary, *Ball Four*, ex-Yankee Jim Bouton tells of the time he and Gary Bell, who pitched on the 1967 Red Sox, were discussing the players' pre-season strike of 1969. "Carl Yastrzemski's name came up," Bouton writes, "because he'd just ignored the strike and Gary Bell said, 'Didn't surprise me. Carl Yastrzemski is for himself, first and second and the hell with everybody else.'"

Bouton also maintains that Yaz tried to break the strike by organizing a committee of superstars to negotiate with the owners outside the players' association.

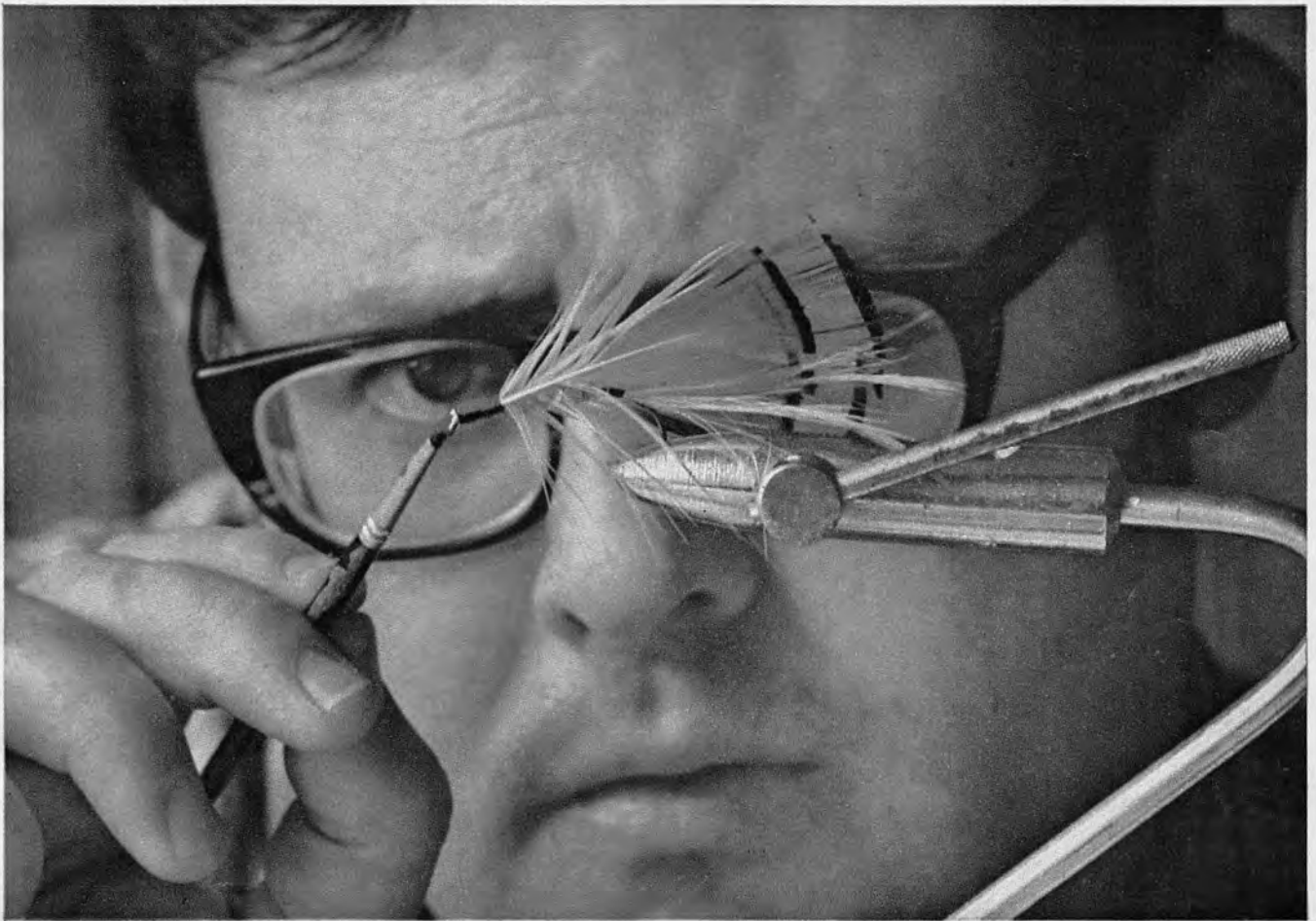
Among his Red Sox teammates, however, there exists a strong Yaz Defense Committee. Some of its members are Gary Peters, the club's player representative, who professes to see no strikebreaking tendencies in his lockermate, Ray Culp, who says that Yaz should get more than \$500 G a triennium for his value to the Sox, and Rico Petrocelli, who

holds to the view that Yaz is much underrated both as a player and as a man.

"I hit 40 home runs in 1968, and I give much of the credit to Yaz," Petrocelli says. "One day that spring he and Tony Conigliaro were standing behind the cage watching me hit. I was hitting a lot of fly balls. Yaz said, 'See that pitch? That's a pitch you can really rip. You can really whip the bat around on that kind of pitch.' It was a slider, a little bit up, and I had never been able to pull it before. He spent a long time showing me how. That's the pitch I hit most of my home runs on."

"People (Continued on page 88)

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I Was Certain That I Would Die

BY JIM MARSHALL

As Told To Les Bridges



Caught in a raging blizzard, the defensive end's hiking trip became a nightmare—and, ultimately, a desperate struggle for his life

Suddenly, I was in very bad trouble. My snowmobile had hit a drift at an odd angle, flipping me off. As I fell, I rolled toward the guardrail that lined the snow-choked road. Behind me I could see the machine following me down.

It seemed for certain that I was going to be pinned by the snowmobile against the guardrail and crushed. There was only one thing to do. I dove under the guardrail and, with that, the Minnesota Vikings came very close to losing one defensive end.

With my chief concern being the runaway snowmobile about to tag me a good shot, I hadn't thought about what was on the other side of the guardrail.

On the other side was a cliff with a 2,000 foot drop.

There was a little slope before the drop-off. I slid about 15 feet down, frantically grabbing at rocks and finally stopping inches from the edge of the cliff.

It seemed about as close to dying as one could come. What I didn't know as my fellow snowmobilers formed a human chain and helped me scramble back to safety was that death would come closer still in the next 36 hours.

Earlier, the crisp, clear February morning had given no hint of the tragedy that would kill one of us and make death seem inevitable to the other 15 in our snowmobiling party.

From Red Lodge, Montana, we had trucked our snowmobiles to the base of Beartooth Mountain on the Wyoming state line. We planned a four-day trip through Yellowstone National Park to Jackson Hole, Wyoming. In the party were several people from Minneapolis, including my Viking teammate, Paul Dickson. We had fellows who knew the area, too, including a forest ranger, and the game warden from Red Lodge, Vernon Waples.

On the first day, we planned to travel up Highway 212 through the 10,900-foot Beartooth Pass to Cooke City. Because of the heavy snow, the highway is closed to all but snowmobiles during the winter.

We pushed off at 8 in the morning. It was a beautiful day with the temperature in the 20's.

The first trouble was minor, but perhaps it was an omen. At about 10 a.m., a half hour before my accident, Hugh Galusha skidded his machine over a guardrail and into a ravine. Hugh wasn't hurt, though he was irritated at himself for letting his machine get out of control. Hugh was a banker from Minneapolis. He really loved that Montana-Wyoming high country and traveled the back trails often. This would be his last trip.

We pulled his machine out and started on our way again. The wind began kicking up in gusts, but we

moved right along over the drifts, some of them 20 feet high.

By noon, the winds were very strong. Though it had not been forecast when we left, we were obviously in for a storm. Because bad weather was developing behind us, we thought it best to push on over the summit. Vernon Waples told of a store seven and a half miles past the summit called Top of the World. It was closed for the winter, but there was food stored there and it would provide shelter until the storm blew over.

The storm was getting meaner. The temperature was falling fast. Problems began developing with our snowmobiles. The clutches were slipping. Carburetors icing. Tracks began to freeze up. When one snowmobile stopped, the whole party had to stop, of course. When that happened, the motors on the other machines would cool and they would have trouble starting. As the storm became more severe, we started abandoning machines and doubling up on those still running.

By now, we were in a roaring blizzard. You couldn't see more than five feet ahead. It was obvious we were in trouble, but there was no panic. Everyone on the trip was a sportsman of some sort. Maybe we weren't all skilled snowmobilers, but we had been in stress situations before.

When my machine gave out, I doubled up with Les, one of the guides. The party was strung out now; those whose snowmobiles were still running pushed ahead for help.

Some of the party already were on foot as the machines on which they had doubled up also died. Les and I made it a few more miles up the trail when our machine quit. In the drifts nearby, I could see Paul Dickson's snowmobile. Someone said Paul and Dee Street, a snowmobile mechanic, had set off on foot. Les wanted to try to fix his machine. I couldn't help so I decided to follow Paul.

Snow (Continued on page 82)

For kindling we used all the stuff from my wallet — big bills, little bills, all of my checks. Money meant nothing up here.





Jim Ryun: What He's Trying To Prove

Once the most marvelous miler in the world, he lost in the Olympics and quit in another race, and then stopped running. And now he is back. Why? Jim Ryun says he is seeking perfection—"the perfection of being perfect within yourself"

BY ARNOLD HANO

Miami. It makes me sick to think about it. I didn't know it was coming. Jim was tired. Sometimes he wouldn't get up in the mornings to work out. That's unlike Jim. He'd lost his enthusiasm. Training had become a drag. He had quit at Drake—the Drake Relays—but he was hurting then. Physically. It began to play on us—injuries, little nagging injuries. It was no fun. When people wouldn't believe he was hurting, it got worse. Then he ran at Miami. I saw it and I couldn't believe it. When he started to slow down, I said to myself: 'You're not really going to step off the track. Keep going. Keep going.' Then he stepped off the track. I went up to him. Neither of us said anything. We thought the world had ended.

—Anne Ryun

At the Kansas Relays last April, Ryun ran a smashing 3:55.8 mile. It was the fastest mile in the world in nearly three years.

We inflict cruelty on our athletes. Our demands are insatiable. The pitcher with the sore arm must pitch even when his shoulder socket is a pulp of ground calcium. Why else do we pay him \$100,000? The football halfback whose knees now contain no cartilage must cut and run, bone rasping against bone. What else are heroes for? The heavyweight champion must keep marching in to a pair of fists like razor blades. That's what keeps him honest. And then we ask our athletes: "What are you guys trying to prove?" That's what keeps us honest.

We're good at these cruelties. We've been especially clever in the case of Jim Ryun.

Jim Ryun made the mistake of running too fast too soon too often. We came to expect it of him. At 17, he broke the four-minute mile. At 19, he broke the half-mile and the mile world records. At 20, he broke the 1500-meter mark. At 22, we broke his heart. So what that he had a bad back, mononucleosis, pulled muscles; so what that he had to run in air a mile and a half high in Mexico City, with four weeks of training, against a man who'd lived at such altitude for 25 years. Haven't we told you? You run until you collapse. And if you lose, you're dogging it. It hurts? Run through it, pal. It's always darkest before the dawn.

On June 29, 1969, in Miami at the AAU Nationals, Jim Ryun found it was just as dark at high noon. In the middle of a race, he wondered what he was trying to prove, what he was doing out there. He quit doing it. He performed an act so sensible it ought to be enshrined in some new kind of Hall of Fame, with a legend under it reading: "I stopped running because it wasn't fun." George Sauer, meet Jim Ryun.

Jim Ryun quit in the middle of a race, disappeared from sight, retired from track. Now he's come back, running again. And the pressures are beginning to build: What's he trying to prove?

If you have followed my peregrinations through these pages over the years, you will know that this is the

delayed second part of a look at Jim Ryun. Five years ago, I sat down with Jim Ryun in Lawrence, Kansas, in that interim between the world records and the Olympics, that period in which he absolutely ruled the world of track. Since then, much has happened. He lost at Mexico City. He lost twice to Marty Liquori, the second time in Miami, when he walked off the track. He quit running. His weight ballooned from 160 pounds to 195. He had married. Soon he would be a father.

But there is an itch in runners. Jim Ryun had run since he was 15 years old. Stretch out all the miles he's run and he'd circle the globe eight times. Quietly, last May, he began to jog. The jogging quickened. The distances lengthened. Now he is running again, training again, back in a regimen we all once marveled at and then took for granted. He runs some 70-100 miles a week, up in Oregon, when he isn't running in competition. He runs in brilliant sunshine; the day I saw him in April he ran in heavy rain, a wind so cutting it chilled your bones. I huddled beneath the stands at the University of Oregon outdoor track, and I watched in the wet gloom. Jim Ryun would lower his head and take a convulsive gulp of air, and he would snap his right hand where he held the precious stopwatch, and he would sprint for 330 yards. Then he'd walk 110 yards. Then he'd sprint another 330. Walk 110. Sprint 330. Until he had done this ten times, on an outdoor track in the fading afternoon of a rainy day in Eugene.

Nearby, the University of Washington track squad had just arrived, for a dual meet with Oregon the next day. A Husky runner whined to a coach: "I'll run indoors." No, the coach said. Outdoors. Five laps. "I'll do ten laps indoors." No, the coach said. Outdoors. The whining continued, as Jim Ryun kept running by, the slanting rain turning his body into a pale wet sheen, like a birch tree in the spring rain. The first series of ten sprints, ten walks had ended. Now he'd begun a second series. When he finished that, he would run a third series. He had warmed up

with seven laps around the quarter-mile track. Finally, when he finished at 5:30 that dark afternoon, he would stand in front of the gymnasium in the pelting rain, and wait patiently for his wife to pick him up in their VW squareback. The next morning he'd be up to run before breakfast, along lonely Oregon roads, up pine-studded hills, running.

I flew to Eugene, Oregon, to see about this Jim Ryun, to see this "new" Jim Ryun. To find out why he had come back and if he was a different Jim Ryun than the one I had come to know five years ago.

Over the phone, Jim Ryun had said, "Golly, I don't know. My employer—Bohemia Lumber Company—is awful nice about letting me have time off, but, gosh, I'll have to see. I keep my weekends free for my wife and my daughter. I just don't know."

He called back. Yes, he had found time. "And don't bring a raincoat," he sang over the phone. "When it rains here, it's the kind of rain you enjoy being out in."

I flew up, with my raincoat, and I shivered in the rain, as Jim Ryun enjoyed himself. Yet I too enjoyed it. It is a dream of mine. To run like

that. Endure like that. I began to think of Munich in 1972. That is how we treat our heroes. That is the cruelty we impose. We insist they live our dreams.

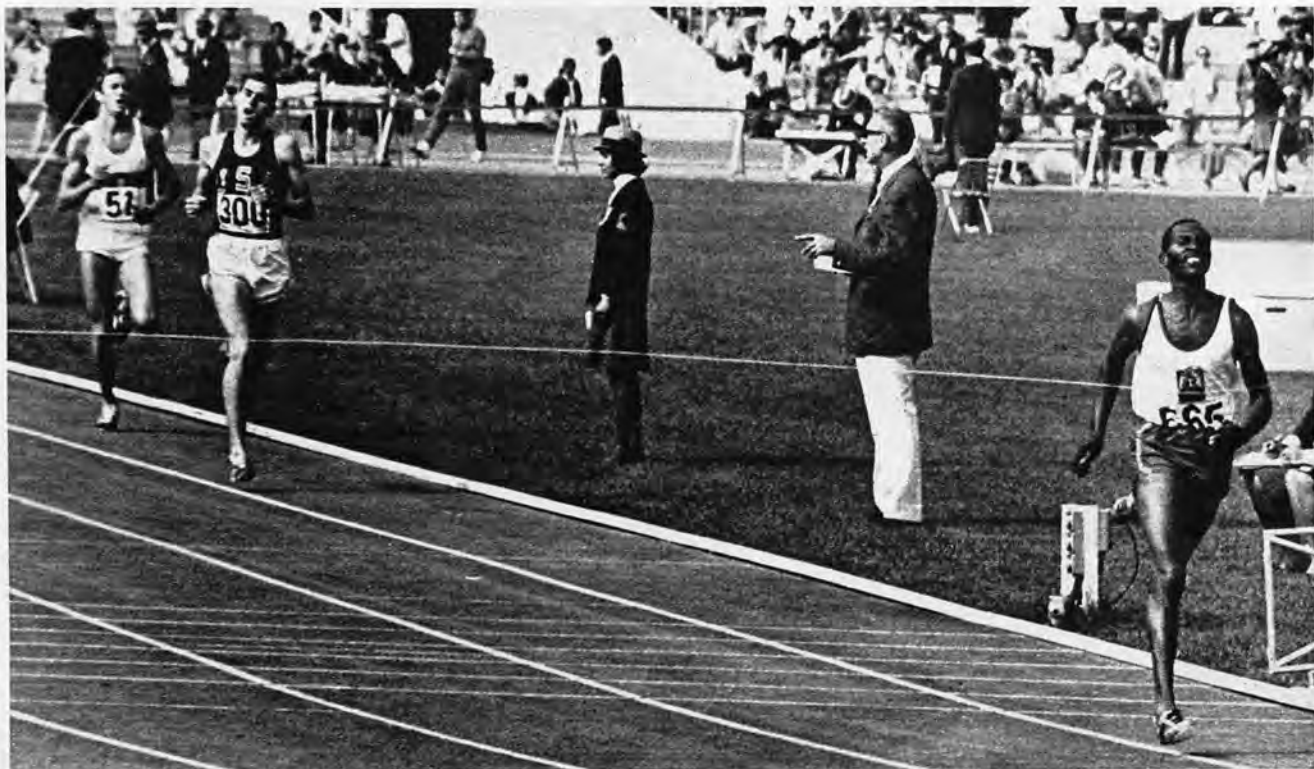
Jim Ryun, unfortunately, makes it easy for us to be cruel. He makes our insatiable demands seem commonplace, our dreams a reality. Brian Glanville's novel, *The Olympian*, tells about a British youth trained by a Mephistophelean coach, who trains the runner to endure pain. The runner breaks the world mile record. He runs in the Olympics but he does not win. He marries; he seems to retire from track for a brief while. He comes back, and runs in another Olympics, against a young black runner from Africa. He runs his greatest race, but again he does not win. That is all. Fiction. An author's dream. Yet Jim Ryun has lived it. He laid off track for nearly 19 months. Then he ran in San Francisco, his first outing, and he won against an inept field in 4:04.4, off by himself. Still, we (I) fretted. 4:04.4. So Jim Ryun ran again in San Diego, his second time out, and this time he equaled the world indoor record for the mile, 3:56.4.

Later he would run in the Kansas Relays, the Glenn Cunningham Mile, and he would win in a smashing 3:55.8, fastest mile in the world in nearly three years. Next he would take on Marty Liquori, the man who beat him the day he quit in Miami.

Jim Ryun is back, living our dreams.

He met me at the airport. "There are a couple of physical differences between now and 1966," he said. We had last talked in '66, after his mile record at Berkeley, and before injuries and illnesses dogged him right up to Mexico City. "I'm not quite as far along in training as I'd like to be, because I was out of action all last year. My times are not as fast as I had hoped for, in my workouts. I've had a pinched nerve in my calf. I'm a little stiff. I don't have the quickness of 1966. But I'm a lot stronger. I've matured." He put them together, the quickness he lacks because he has not trained enough, and the new strength, and he said, with a quiet confidence: "I feel the physical maturity outbal-

Keino and the altitude beat Ryun in the '68 Olympics. Jim says, "I had so much oxygen debt that I couldn't do anything."



ances the loss of training."

There are two parts of Jim Ryun. One is a modest, self-effacing, almost shy young man, who will never say he is going to win a race or break a record or do anything outstanding. It is the lingering boy in him. The other is an inner man. If there is a real difference between the Jim Ryun of 1966-67, and the Jim Ryun of today, 24 years old, it may be the inner man is coming out more often. Even when he is noncommittal, he seems to commit himself.

You ask him where he intends to run this summer, and he says, "If I were to commit myself to specific competition, the pressure would again become insurmountable." Never—in the old days—had Jim Ryun admitted that pressure truly bothered him. And he does hint at future meets. I told him this article would appear late in June, and he said wistfully: "They'll be running the Nationals up here at Eugene late in June. I'd like to compete." He does more than hint. He ran in Kansas, and immediately announced

he'd run against Liquori next, and Kip Keino, if Keino could make it. He seeks out pressures these days.

You ask him what his personal goals are, and he says, "I don't care to divulge them to anyone except my wife and close friends. The moment I make them known, everyone gets excited. I'm not about to say I'm going to run the first 3:50 mile." Then he adds quietly: "The same desire is still there."

That's divulging a heck of a lot for a man who keeps his goals to himself. You press him further (our demands are insatiable) and you ask whether he ever expects to run back to that 1966 form. His face changes and he cocks his head slightly. A subtle hardness transforms him from boy to man.

"Wouldn't I defeat myself if I thought I was not able to do as well as I once did?"

Is this what Jim Ryun is trying to prove? That he can be as good as he was? Or is it a matter of revenge? You ask, "Does redemption come into your desire to run again? Are

you trying to redeem yourself, for quitting at Miami, for not winning at Mexico City?"

He winces. "It gripes me when people wonder whether I want to 'redeem' myself. I have nothing to redeem myself for."

Yet when you ask what he was thinking when he got ready for his first meet in 19 months, the mile at San Francisco, he says, "I was more nervous than I'd ever been. I thought about the last time I'd raced, when I walked off the track in Miami. It was on my mind, and it was pretty darn mysterious."

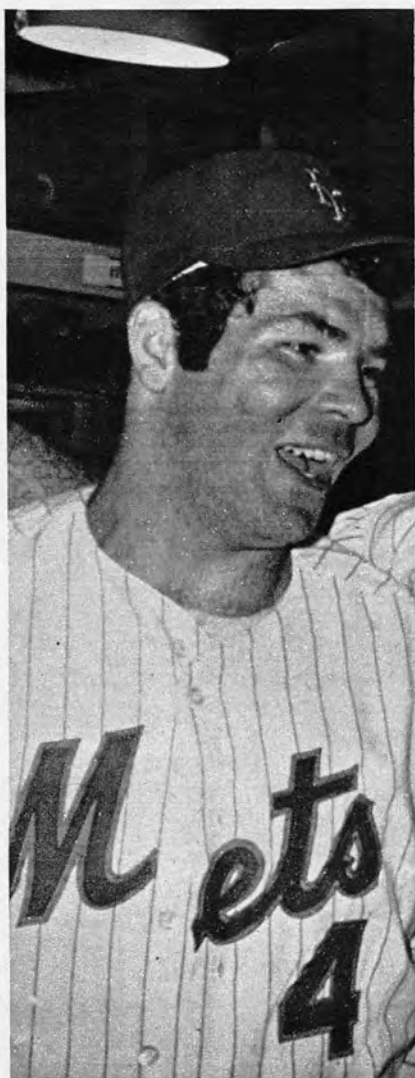
So you think you have pinned him down. Yes, he was trying to redeem himself. Not so, he says, he always thinks of the last race he has run. "The next time I ran, in San Diego, I thought about the race I'd just run in San Francisco. The Miami incident was now closed."

He says. You cannot disbelieve him. He is honest, a young Kansan imbued with the Protestant ethic—honesty, honor, self-sacrifice, modesty, hard work, the whole Puritan philosophy that makes men endure pain not for some elusive goal, but simply to (Continued on page 73)

Ryun's biggest rival before he quit was Villanova's Marty Liquori. The rivalry has resumed stronger than ever this year.

Jim Ryun the family man—with his lovely wife Anne and daughter Heather. Anne jogs with Jim when she can find the time.





This spring an archetypal
Met knew he soon would be an ex-Met,
so he decided to keep a diary.

Presenting...

Seaver, The Mets & Me

...and Gil Hodges, too

BY RON SWOBODA

As Told To Vic Ziegel

Left: The old gang—Swoboda, J.C. Martin, Tom Seaver, Donn Clendenon—in the good days, the 1969 World Series.

Nothing about Ron Swoboda was ever dull or bland or routine. When the Mets were only a beloved parody of the Yankees cross-town, Swoboda was their inept version of Mickey Mantle. He would have Homeric hitting streaks followed by Homeric strikeout streaks. He would dazzle in the field one day, fizzle the next. Swoboda was as spectacular as he was inconsistent. He was a Met all the way.

Over the years this type of Met player was replaced by men whose fan appeal depended on winning, not failing spectacularly. Only Swoboda endured. Like a perennial political candidate, every season he showed up at training camp with the promise of a rookie. But at season's end, his newspaper quotes usually outnumbered his RBIs. His brilliant sprawling catch in the 1969 World Series caused a brief epidemic of euphoria among Met fans. His performance in 1970 was a chilling antidote.

In spring training this year Swoboda was involved in a running feud with manager Gil Hodges. He knew he wouldn't be a Met much longer. He decided to keep a diary of his last hurrah with the Mets. In its own special way, this document is a fitting footnote to the strange Met phenomenon. There'll never be another team like the Mets. There'll never be another Mickey Mantle like Ron Swoboda.

Feb. 24 Well, I popped off about being traded and they didn't trade me. You can almost forget all that down here. The sun is up on another year and it's great to leave the cold behind and play ball without meaningful statistics. You can work like a 9-to-5er, be with your family, play golf, fish, no telephones ringing.

Feb. 25 Gil wanted us to report the same weight we were in our best year. Since I've never had a good year, how do I know my best weight? It's \$100 a pound for every pound we're overweight and I've never seen

such greyhound bodies. Tom Seaver and Jerry Koosman are super-thin and most of the other guys are thinner than I ever remember them. With beef at \$100 a pound, I guess nobody's buying. Whoops. One guy. Tug McGraw is eight pounds over his assigned weight. Gary Gentry wasn't assigned a weight and casually gained ten pounds. I skipped breakfast and came in at 208. Two pounds under.

Feb. 26 Ray Sadecki has some new Polish jokes and got some laughs. Koosman was telling last year's jokes and being politely ignored. Spring training's officially started. Cecelia and I have a nice house on St. Pete Beach, no phone, and there's plenty of room for Brian, who's 3, and Chipper, who's 4, and Waggles, who's part Labrador and part elephant.

Feb. 27 Eddie Kranepool and I started a restaurant called The Dug-out in Amityville, Long Island, over the winter and we hustled pretty hard to get things going. Whenever I talked about not playing enough last year I usually said that Gil didn't seem to want any remnants of the old Mets around. That's me and Eddie. I'm only 26. I don't want to be like

In costume when the trade was announced. "I can't sleep," he noted. "I keep thinking about being an Expo."



Jim Hickman and find out I can play when I'm 32 or 33.

Feb. 28 Gil's been uncommonly pleasant. He has to be optimistic about the season. It's not that easy to make this club anymore. I'm certainly not worried about making it. And I'm not going to anybody's minor league. That just won't happen. They'll have to make a move with me or find themselves out one ballplayer.

March 1 Two of the young guys in camp, George Kazmarek and Dave Schneck, have been seeking me out to talk about hitting. Most of the hitters here know it's a pitcher's camp and hitting is catch-as-catch-can. Getting 15 swings off Yogi Berra's pitching is hardly batting practice. They watch us while we hit but they don't say anything. Gil worked with me one day the first spring he was manager. He wanted me to hit a certain way and I didn't feel comfortable that way. I think he could sense that and I think that's why he stopped trying to help me. People think Yogi helps us with hitting but that's a joke. When Yogi was a player he didn't know how he hit. He just hit. Not the best tools for a hitting instructor.

March 2 We played our first intrasquad game today and Kranepool and Swoboda hit fourth on the opposing teams. I don't believe in accidents. Krane did well. I was lousy. Seven years has taught me enough about myself to know that it's just too early. Ron Taylor came in to pitch for both sides and his record after only one game is 1-1. How deflating is that?

March 3 I was rapping with Dave Schneck before the intrasquad game today. He missed last season because he was in Vietnam and he was talking about the rockets, mortar and small arms fire he lived through. Then, because he's a lefthanded hitter, he said taking batting practice against a hard-throwing lefthander like Koosman scared the hell out of him.



The high point of Ron's career so far—his diving, tumbling, game-saving catch against the Orioles in the World Series.

March 5 The exhibition games start tomorrow and I still feel like I just walked out of the restaurant and had to hit.

March 7 So far we've scored 12 runs and all we've done is split with the Cards. The weather is the best anybody can remember. But the thing we talk about mostly is that Tommie Agee, Seaver and Leroy Stanton, a rookie outfielder, have all become fathers during the last few days and all the mommies are doing well. The three babies are all girls

and I'm quite certain what the daddies were rooting for.

March 8 We get about 15 or 20 swings a day before the games and that just isn't enough. They're finally bringing in some minor leaguers to give us more chances to hit. The way it works out now you're almost worse off if you play in the games. A lot of the guys went to a theater in Tampa tonight to watch the Joe Frazier-Muhammad Ali fight. I thought Frazier won but I thought it was a lot closer than the decision. I didn't win the pool.

March 10 Sometimes I just can't

believe I'm still here and not playing somewhere else. I popped off all winter and look at all the good it did me. When I signed my contract, M. Donald Grant, the chairman of the board, told me if Montreal offered the Mets Don Hahn, an outfielder, they would trade me for him. But I'm starting to think I'll never get traded. It's weird. Some guys have no right being in the big leagues after the things they've pulled, but they're still getting chances. Gil keeps telling the writers he's taking the best 25 north. Evidently he knows them. Nobody gets any better in spring training. I'm the same as I always was, no better, no worse. If I was a

manager, though, I'd have to find something likeable in a guy who wants to play so badly he'll ask to be traded.

March 12 Maury Allen of the New York *Post* asked me if I didn't think I'd have a better chance of sticking if I learned to catch and was available as a third-string catcher. I told Maury it was too late for me. Besides, catching is bad for the hands.

March 15 Two days ago I had a double and knocked in three runs. Yesterday I was playing in the B game and today I didn't play at all. I'm beginning to compose my parting remarks.

March 17 I'm worried about our pitching. Gentry and Seaver have looked good but nobody's been consistent. I don't know who you could look at right now and say that's our bullpen. That's pretty frightening. We need some relief pitching and I can't believe that they won't make a deal. Funny how I keep getting back to that.

March 19 Koosman was consistent today. His wife had a baby girl. We were at Bradenton to play the Pirates and I talked with Willie Stargell. He told me that they get 20 minutes a man hitting against live pitching. That's great. Stargell, John

Jeter and some other kid I don't know were in the batting cage and hitting against a curveball machine. They were hitting and talking hitting. There was something beautiful about the scene.

March 20 I hit a home run and the winning run came in when I walked with the bases loaded in the 11th inning and I guess I ought to feel pretty good. But all I can think is that I'm teed off because they gave me the take sign on a 3-1 pitch with the bases loaded. I mean, this is supposed to be spring training, isn't it? The pitch was right down the middle for a strike.

March 22 Krane told me that he heard St. Louis was interested in me. I hope he's wrong. I don't want to go there. It's a big ballpark and they have truckloads of outfielders.

March 27 I didn't play the last two games and I came in for Art Shamsky today. Two at-bats. No hits. How much of a surprise is that?

March 28 Somebody's trying to tell me something. We played the Yankees today and their starting pitcher was Mike Kekich, a lefty, but I didn't start. I'm getting a detached feeling about this team. By not playing you, they make you think you're not worth anything. I'm up against

a brick wall. Opinions have been formed, put in a kiln and baked hard and fast.

March 30 There was no game yesterday and I didn't get in today. We made a trade. Dean Chance and Bill Denehy went to Detroit for a minor-league infielder. That's just closet cleaning. I feel sorry for Denehy, though. He was pitching good this spring and the Tigers are sending him right down.

March 31 I was sitting on the bench talking to Krane before tonight's game when Nick Torman, the equipment manager, came up and said Bob Scheffing, the general manager, wanted to see me in the clubhouse. My first thought was, those (censored) are sending me to Tidewater and I am not in any way, shape or form going there. Scheffing was sitting there, and so was Hodges. Scheffing told me, "Ron, we've traded you . . ." and nothing mattered after that. I just started grinning. And when he said Montreal, I couldn't have been happier.

I can't sleep. I keep thinking about being an Expo, about not being a Met. Montreal plays at Shea opening day and Tug McGraw told the writers that I'd be thinking all this week about coming back to New York in a different uniform. He hit it right on the head, he knows exactly how I feel. I'd like to stay in New York, be with my family, watch my restaurant, but I've got a deep feeling that it'll work out for the best.

April 1 They traded me for Don Hahn, by the way. I've got 69 home runs, the record for a Met, and he doesn't have any. How about that?

April 2 I had my first workout this morning with Montreal, just me, Bobby Wine, Ron Hunt, Larry Doby, the hitting coach, and Gene Mauch, the manager. I know I took 50 swings . . . as many as I wanted. And the manager didn't miss a pitch. That's (Continued on page 88)



Back at Shea as an Expo, Ron was greeted warmly and saw a sign that pleased him: "Swoboda Was The Mets."

The Test Margaret Court Cannot Pass

Nowadays, the public prefers champions who are colorful, outspoken, dynamic personalities. Alas. All you can call Mrs. Court is one of the greatest women tennis players of all time

BY BARRY LORGE

Soon it will be another first Friday in July, another Wimbledon Ladies' final, another severe test for Margaret Court. Or maybe two tests. If she survives the first—as she has three times in the past—they will get her with the second, which always has been and always will be rather cruelly rigged against her.

The first test—the honest one—will be administered on the tennis world's most famous battleground. Members of the royal family and 17,000 commoners will stuff themselves around Wimbledon's Center Court to witness the official championship of Britain, which is also the unofficial championship of the world in tennis.

The women's final match-up could possibly be the same as last year—Margaret Court vs. Billie Jean King. If so, it will be a different match. Last year Margaret Court won with a sprained ankle which was effectively numbed by a pain-killing injection. And Billie Jean lost on a bad left knee, which has since been repaired by surgery. Still, it was a tremendous final, the longest and certainly one of the richest in the history of the Championships. Mrs. Court persevered 14-12, 11-9, then

went on to win Forest Hills to complete the Grand Slam—a sweep of the championships of Australia, France, Britain and the U.S. Only one other woman had ever done that, the late Maureen Connolly in 1953. Margaret Court was clearly one of the greatest women tennis players of all time.

Which brings us to the second test. If Margaret wins at Wimbledon this month, it will be her fourth singles' title. Only three other women in the modern era of tennis—Suzanne Lenglen, Helen Wills and Louise Brough—have ever won Wimbledon four or more times. If Mrs. Court wins again, she will be congratulated and praised, and greeted with awe and professional admiration. And there it will stop.

For Margaret Court always flunks “the second test,” which is not based on anything so neat, well-defined or comprehensible as the rules which govern tennis matches.

It is the test put to her constantly in these hyperthyroid days by people who measure their champions by their capacity to be glamorous, dynamic, forceful and articulate personalities. Thus an aging Pancho Gonzalez retains his glamour while a



Rod Laver, a man in his very prime, a man who does nothing but win, has no glamour. Thus a Joe Namath prevails over a John Unitas. Thus a loser, Muhammad Ali, emerges as the winner, while the winner, Joe Frazier, comes out the loser. We live in a screwy, upside-down world and Margaret Court is a victim because she happens to be a Joe Frazier rather than a Muhammad Ali.

So this test, in today's marketplace, is one Margaret Court cannot possibly hope to pass.



She can, after all, only be what she is: a remarkably talented and accomplished athlete who is otherwise a plain, ordinary woman. She is something special only when she has a racket in hand, a situation which her detractors have been curiously unable to accept.

Writers say she is "dreadful copy." Fans, especially Americans who crave flamboyance, say she is "another one of those colorless Australians." Players say she is selfish and opportunistic. And sports fans

who don't follow tennis say nothing at all: To them she is a ghost-image, a name they recognize but do not associate with any personality.

In a way that is ironic because Margaret's history is full of drama, of a woman who overcame obstacles in a turbulent early career, retired, then came back and reasserted her dominance.

Nobody ever doubted her talent. From the time she first picked up a racket at age seven and couldn't decide whether to play righthanded or

lefthanded, but won either way, it was obvious she had a special aptitude for tennis. By the time she was ten she settled on playing righthanded (because, she says, friends told her that there were no good lefthanded women players) and delighted in demonstrating her strokes and power at Saturday morning clinics in her rural New South Wales hometown. At 15 she went to Melbourne for special coaching and conditioning under the tutelage of an ex-world champion, (*Continued on page 27*)

The Pack is Devine....?

They've got a new bumper sticker in Green Bay—and a new head coach. But Vince Lombardi's shadow still hovers over the organization. Dan Devine will succeed if he can become his own man, and if he can win. A closeup examination of a coach with big problems and big opportunities

BY TOM DOWLING

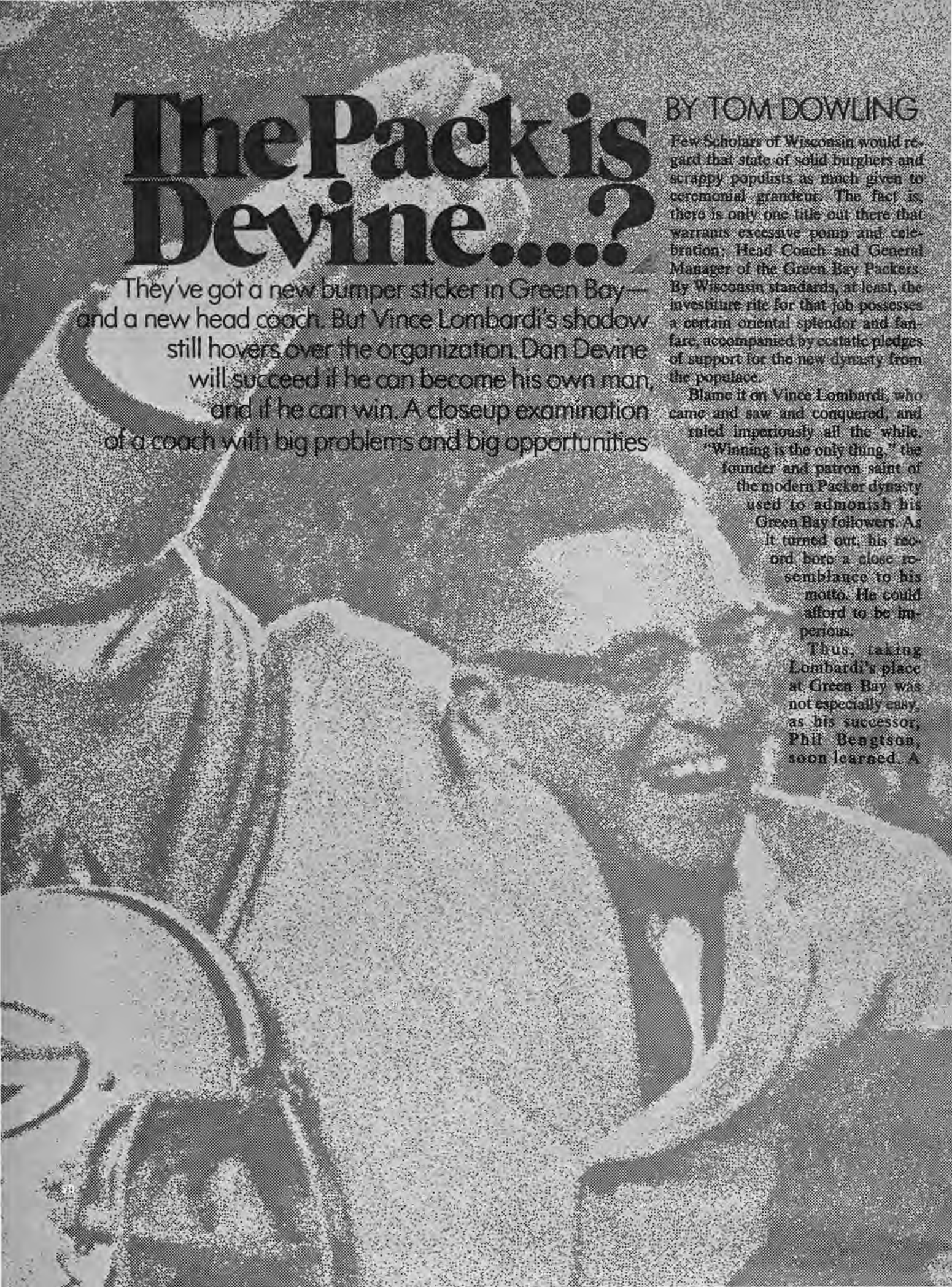
Few Scholars of Wisconsin would regard that state of solid burghers and scrappy populists as much given to ceremonial grandeur. The fact is, there is only one title out there that warrants excessive pomp and celebration: Head Coach and General Manager of the Green Bay Packers. By Wisconsin standards, at least, the investiture rite for that job possesses a certain oriental splendor and fanfare, accompanied by ecstatic pledges of support for the new dynasty from the populace.

Blame it on Vince Lombardi, who came and saw and conquered, and ruled imperiously all the while.

"Winning is the only thing," the founder and patron saint of the modern Packer dynasty used to admonish his Green Bay followers. As

it turned out, his record bore a close resemblance to his motto. He could afford to be imperious.

Thus, taking Lombardi's place at Green Bay was not especially easy, as his successor, Phil Bengtson, soon learned. A



kindly but less than forceful man. Bengtson led the Packers to three mediocre seasons: 6-7-1, 8-6, and 6-8. At the end of 1970, Bengtson's contract expired, along with management's confidence in him.

Who to succeed Bengtson? Well, George Allen of the Rams, due obvious choice. He had achieved a winning record with the Rams but was a loser in his personal encounter with Rams' owner Dan Reeves. One of Reeves' last moves before his death

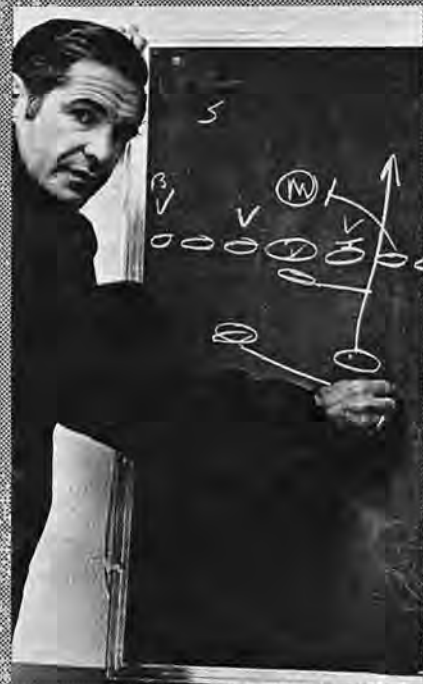
was to fire George Allen for good.

The Packers and Allen did have some unofficial conversations about his future during the 1970 season. Doubtless there were some other pro teams also feeling out the situation.

Shortly after the season ended, Packer President Dominic Olejnicak flew to Los Angeles empowered to talk money with Allen. The visit was, by all accounts, a fiasco. Olejnicak, traveling under an alias—a CIA touch that is becoming more com-

monplace in the NFL these days—apparently missed his air connection to Los Angeles, had trouble locating Allen when he finally got there, and ultimately showed up at the Allen residence somewhat exhausted and confused.

No sooner than he had settled *chez* Allen than the telephone rang. It was Dan Reeves, telling Allen that he was sacked. If ever a man had stumbled into a business situation the gods had stacked in his favor, it



Devine....?

CONTINUED

was Olejnicak. Here was Allen suddenly unemployed, somewhat shell-shocked at the emotional trauma of his ouster, vulnerable to the right offer. There was Olejnicak, eyeing him from across the room, empowered to make a decision.

According to sources close to Allen and the Packer management, Olejnicak made use of the occasion to deliver a glowing encomium on the quality of family life in Green Bay, the virtues of its citizenry, the piety and variety of its many fine churches. Allen is reported to have nodded politely at this George F. Babbitt recital of Green Bay's civic and sacerdotal virtues, all the while wondering when Olejnicak would get around to the word money. Olejnicak never did, and decamped by alias for Green Bay and further consultation with his executive committee. Shortly after Oley's departure, Washington Redskin President Edward Bennett Williams arrived at Allen's house to make a sales pitch of his own that ultimately proved successful. So much for George Allen in Green Bay.

Olejnicak's bungled spy mission didn't bother the Green Bay management terribly. There was a little wariness of Allen, whose record in Los Angeles combined the creation of a winning football team with an almost cavalier indifference to the Rams' front-office and ownership. The Packer executive committee had just spent the past three seasons recuperating from the memory of Vince Lombardi's long tyrannical reign. For them the Lombardi years incorporated the best features of Camelot with the worst features of Dante's inferno.

Soon after the Allen contretemps, Olejnicak called a meeting and advanced the proposition that the board should consider what they had done right when they met more than a decade earlier and had come up with the name of Vince Lombardi.

What they had done right, they concluded, was to pluck a singularly

ambitious and disciplined man from the ranks of obscurity. Now, by some mysterious twist of logic, they decided to proceed on just the opposite tack and seek out a big-name college coach. The three serious contenders, they decided, were Frank Kush of Arizona State, a ranter in the Vince Lombardi mold; Joe Paterno of Penn State, a hail-fellow-well-met extrovert; and Dan Devine of Missouri, a soft-spoken, boyish-looking man of extraordinary reserve and tact.

The choice settled down to a contest between Paterno and Devine. There is some evidence to suggest that Paterno put a price tag on his services higher than the executive committee was willing to pay. In any case, Devine emerged last January 14th as the board's choice, with a five-year contract that called for an estimated \$625,000—\$50,000 of it in annual salary, and the rest buried in a medley of fringe and tax benefits.

At 46, Devine was a year older than Lombardi had been when he came to Green Bay. But whereas Lombardi had come with a reputation to make out of a lifetime of doubt and insecurity, Devine brought a 16-year 120-40-8 record as a head coach at Arizona State for three years

and Missouri for 13. Devine could afford a somewhat quieter personal style. He had had more than a passing acquaintance with Lombardi, who had once said that he and Devine played the same kind of football. Both were primarily offensive experts, both were believers in the superiority of a solid ground-game. Indeed, Devine's Missouri team was running the Packer sweep while Vince Lombardi was still diagramming it for the New York Giants.

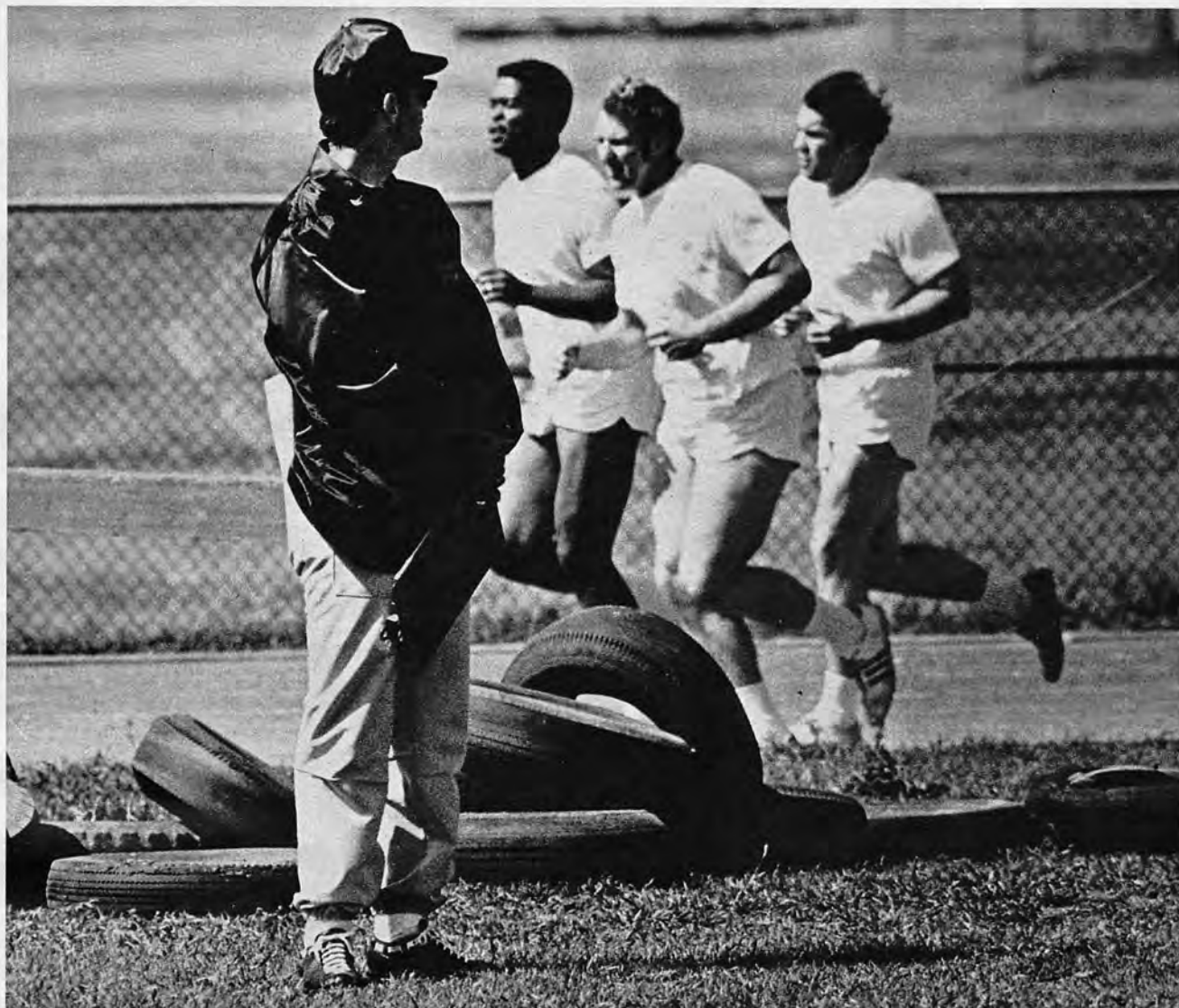
But a reputation is not the same thing as the Mandate of Heaven. And when Devine was formally introduced to the Green Bay city fathers at a crowded Chamber of Commerce-sponsored luncheon at the Forum, Mayor Donald Tilleman rose to greet Devine with: "I want to congratulate the executive committee for doing such a great job. They keep coming up with all these great coaches no one ever heard of before."

At the speaker's table, Devine was said to have looked somewhat astonished at Tilleman's assessment of his past record. Yet Tilleman's awkward gaffe contained a symbolic, if parochial, truth of its own. It was one thing to be head coach and athletic director at Missouri, quite another to be an Emperor in Green Bay. The one job had tenure and a modest sort of eminence; the other had the sanctity of the Mandate of Heaven. Looked at from the Green Bay standpoint, the Pack was the sovereign entity, not Devine. He had been raised to their level, not they to his. And in celebration of that distinction the new yellow and green bumper sticker read, "The Pack is Devine"—a double entendre weighted more to the divinity of the Packers than to the divinity of their new coach.

Of course, the Packer 'divinity' is in its own way the eerie legacy of Vince Lombardi. Almost half of the '71 Packers wear those diamond-studded world championship Lombardi-rings. Names like Lionel Aldridge, Ken Bowman, Donny Anderson, Carroll Dale, Gale Gillingham, Bob Jeter, Jim Grabowski, Ray Nitschke, Dave Robinson, Willie Wood, Zeke Bratkowski and Bart Starr have a certain sonority beyond

Devine's perch. At Missouri he watched practice atop a tower so he could survey all seven of his practice fields.





The new Packer coach watches his charges intently. Devine, says the author, is a "fanatic about detail and thoroughness."

their personal identities and accomplishments.

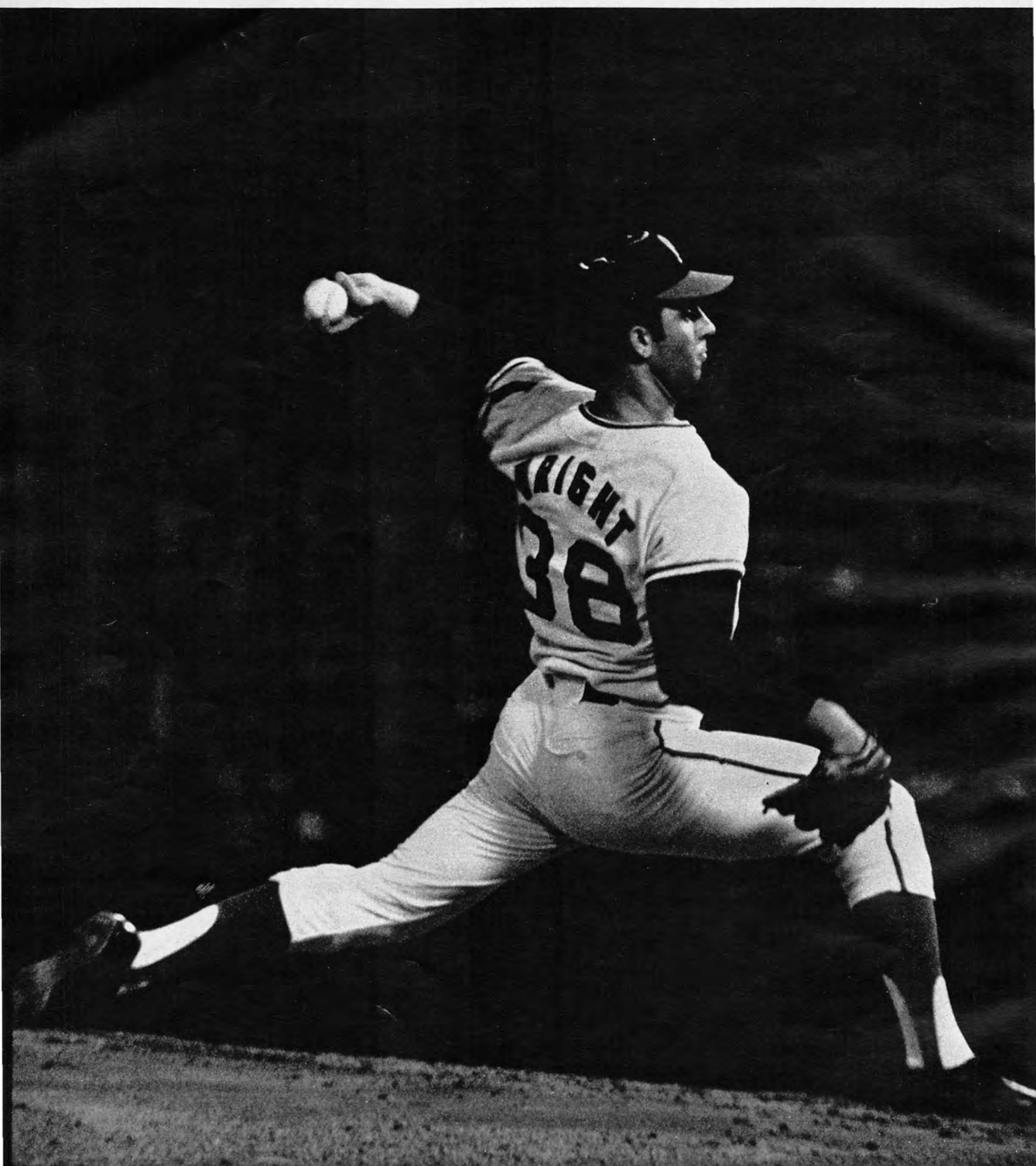
And to a surprising degree, the dead hand of Vince Lombardi still rests on the Green Bay organization. The fear, the affection, above all the glory he inspired do not die so easily. It is astonishing how frequently Lombardi's name surfaces in ordinary conversation with the Green Bay citizenry and the Packer team and organization. Like a tongue obsessively probing at some piece of food permanently lodged between the back molars, you're not sure whether it's a matter of exorcism or enjoyment.

The Packers compete in the NFC's Central Division and two games a year against the Vikings, the Lions and the Bears is a punishing and iffy schedule for any team. Moreover, during the Bengtson years, Green Bay was plagued with a series of crucial injuries, notably an aging and unhealthy Bart Starr, whose arm was so numb last year that he threw the ball without any feeling for most of the season. Yet among the Packer old guard there remains a sense of puzzlement, of expectancy, that there is a coiled spring still left in the old lion.

"We got the veterans here who still know how to win," says Bob Jeter. "Sure, there was a letdown after Lombardi left, but most of the veterans were still ready, and barring

injuries we had the team to go all the way. I'll tell you, defensively we were just as good a ballclub these last three years as when Lombardi was here. We got all the Indians still. All we need is the chief."

Tackle Francis Peay came to Green Bay from the Giants in 1968, the year Lombardi retired to the front office. Like slightly over half his teammates, Peay has heard the endless celebrations of the retreating and now distant past. It all happened all right, but he was not there to bear witness, to have his present shaped by another epoch. An unusually precise and perceptive man, Peay says, "That first year, well, no one expected to win four in a row. The next year we (Continued on page 78)



The experts like the California Angels this season. New faces is one reason, Clyde Wright is the other—a man who learned how to pitch in one year

BY JOSEPH N. BELL

ONE WRONG SEASON MAKES A WRIGHT

Clyde Wright was one of baseball's best pitchers last year. While compiling a 22-12 record, the California Angel southpaw pitched a no-hitter, appeared in the All-Star game and established a new club record for victories and starts (39) in one season. As the drafthorse of the Angel pitching staff, he filled the vacuum created when Andy Messersmith's ailing shoulder resisted treatment. Wright's consistent pitching was a large factor in the Angels' third-place finish in the American League West. The hope today is that Wright can take the Angels even farther this year.

The Angels appear to have much more going for them in 1971 than they had in '70. Messersmith seems fully recovered, and veteran Jim Maloney, obtained from Cincinnati during the offseason, gives the pitching staff additional depth and experience. With former-Red Sox outfielder Tony Conigliaro (116 RBIs, 36 home runs in 1970) batting behind the American League batting champ, Alex Johnson, the Angels seem to have more muscle. But the fact remains: Even if Messersmith, Johnson, Maloney, Conigliaro and the rest play up to their potential, the Angels still need another big season from Clyde Wright. To stay in real contention throughout the pennant race, a ballclub needs at least one pitcher it can count on to win clutch games, and judging by his 1970 stats, Wright is the man. Only one small doubt enters the mind, his 1969 disaster.

That year everything fell apart, as Wright won only one game and lost eight, finishing with a disastrous 4.08 ERA. In August 1969 coach Lefty Phillips had announced that the Angels were looking for a southpaw starting pitcher because Wright wasn't doing the job. Later Wright

of medium stature, with coal-black hair, a slightly receding chin and dark, expressive eyes. He's fidgety. On occasion he's voluble, even garrulous. But now he was pensive. After a long pause he added, "Lord, no, there's ten times the difference. The only game I won that year, I beat Boston in relief when Jay Johnstone hit a home run in the 12th inning. I can still see that ball curving around the foul pole. You don't forget moments like that when it's the only good thing that happens throughout an entire season."

Late in 1969 manager Bill Rigney was fired and replaced by his pitching coach, Lefty Phillips, a grizzled, tobacco-chewing throwback to John McGraw. Phillips probably knows as much about the game and has more difficulty expressing what he knows than any man in baseball. "I never saw Wright before the spring of 1969," Phillips says. "He got worked over pretty bad a couple of times and Rigney sent him to the bullpen and he was there when I took over the club."

Life in the bullpen was like being in a classroom for Wright. "I'd sit and watch the hitter and try to figure out how I'd pitch him in a certain situation," Clyde recalls. "And when it got to the short innings, I'd watch the situation develop and start to get mentally ready when I saw they were going to call for a lefthander."

But Rigney didn't call very often, so Wright had plenty of time to think—and to talk. He did most of his talking with pitching coach Marv Grissom—and most of his thinking about a piece of advice Grissom gave him: Learn to throw a screwball, to keep the batter off balance and to lengthen your pitching years when you can no longer throw hard. Throughout that depressing season, Wright (Continued on page 75)



Wright (center) celebrated last year's no-hitter with Angels (from left to right) Joe Azcue, Jim Fregosi, Ken McMullen.

learned that during the Angels' unsuccessful effort to trade him to the Dodgers, no American League club had claimed him on waivers.

Slouched in a chair in his apartment one day last summer, Wright pondered the questions: What had happened in 1969? How did he account for such a spectacular turnaround in 1970? "I'm not the same pitcher I was in 1969, that's for sure," he replied.

He's a hard-muscled, sinewy man

Cesar Cedeno:

BY BILL LIBBY

"I KNOW I CAN DO ANYTHING"

"He has," says his manager Harry Walker, "the reflexes of a Willie Mays, the ability of a Roberto Clemente, the quickness of a Maury Wills." Cesar agrees



He hears what they are saying about him and he reads what they are writing about him and it pleases him even as it complicates his young life. Over in the other league, you talk to the Angels' brilliant Jim Fregosi. "He is some kind of player," Fregosi says with awe. How many times has he seen him? "Two or three times, that's all," admits Fregosi. And on that scant evidence he feels awe? "You only have to see him once. He is just some kind of player," repeats the veteran.

He is 20-year-old Cesar Cedeno and as he stands around a batting cage in his orange-tinted Astros uniform, a Philadelphia player asks him: "How are you going to like making \$100,000?" Cedeno looks puzzled until someone explains that the player means Cedeno is going to be making that much before long, and then Cesar understands and he shrugs as if to say he doesn't know and grins as if to say he's sure he won't mind. Nor, if he realizes his potential, will the Astros mind paying him that kind of salary. Says

Manager Harry Walker: "He has the reflexes of a Willie Mays, the all-around ability of a Roberto Clemente, and the quickness of a Maury Wills."

A sentiment that Wills himself echoes. "He does everything with a flourish," Wills says. "It doesn't matter even when he fails to do it, you see he *can*."

Early into the 1971 season, Cedeno wasn't doing it. He was hitting in the low .200's and pressing a little and Harry Walker decided to sit him down for a spell. It is a fate common to rookies or near rookies but Cedeno wasn't too happy about it. He is young and a ballplayer and—more—he believes in himself. Which may be the understatement of the decade.

"I don't pay any attention to what people say," he explains. "They can say I'm going to be a superstar, but I'm still going to have to *do* it. If I let it go to my head, I'll never do it. Inside, though, I know I can. I know I can do anything," he adds.

So when players in rival dugouts yell, "Hey, Roberto Clemente," or

"Hey, Rico Carty," or "Hey, Henry Aaron," he just shrugs. "I admire great players I'm compared to," he says, "but I'm myself. I do things fast, showy. I like to please people."

The young Dominican is tall and lean, 6-2, 180 pounds, and has great speed, good strength, swift reflexes and a powerful throwing arm. He has a handsome face that is shaped like a long oval with skin the color of rich mahogany. He has wide eyes and a wide mouth and a lot of white teeth that overpower you pleasantly when he grins. He burst into the majors in the middle of 1970, only his third season as a professional. At the age of 19 he was the youngest player in the National League.

"My first year as a pro," he says, "I made \$6,000. My second year, I made \$6,600. My third year, \$10,800. My first year in the majors, I made \$12,500, which is the minimum. This year, I'll make \$18,000. But the way I spend, I look forward someday to making \$100,000," and he laughed. "I spent \$400 yesterday alone on suits and shirts. I got a nice apartment for the new wife I'm



bringing from the Dominican Republic. I'm building a new house there, which'll be ready about October. When we go home next winter, I'll take my new car—a Firebird—with me.”

His face split into a grin. He said, “I always told them back there I'd be a big man some day. They laughed at me. I'm still telling them, but now they've stopped laughing. Now, they are calling me 'Super Kid.'”

He was born in Santo Domingo, February 25, 1951, the first of Diogene and Juanita Cedeno's five children. After him came Miriam, Julio, Ada and Carmen. He says Julio, 16, is a fine prospect, although small at 5-8: “He hit three home runs in one game—pow, pow, pow. Scouts already want to sign him. But I tell him he's too young and should wait.” However, Cesar was himself only 16 when he signed. He quit school; he couldn't wait. His father was a foreman in a nail factory, his family was not hungry. “We had a TV set and a car. Here we'd be in the middle, but there, everyone said we were rich,” Cesar says, with his characteristic

chuckle. “But I loved sports. I ran the hundred in, I forget, nine-something or eight-something. Very fast. But I favored baseball. It's the big game in my country.”

His country has sent ballplayers like Juan Marichal, Rico Carty and the Alou brothers to the majors and it was Cesar's desire as far back as he can remember “to be the best from my country ever.” His father had been a good amateur player and he tutored his son, who developed rapidly. Playing for Farmacia Baez (the sponsor owned a drugstore), Cesar was scouted by the Mets, Cardinals and Astros. But the Mets and Cardinals tried to get his signature on a contract for next-to-nothing, so when the Astros offered \$3,000, he signed with them. Subsequently, the Cardinals and Mets offered more, but it was too late.

Tony Pacheco signed him and was assigned to manage him his first couple of seasons in this country, while Cesar learned English. Although he almost always started slowly at each minor-league stop, he usually finished strong. In 1968, he hit .256 at

Cocoa in the Florida State League and .374 at Covington, Kentucky, in the Appalachian League. In 1969, he hit .274 at Peninsula in the Carolina League. Playing in the Dominican League every winter, he continued to improve.

Houston general manager Spec Richardson kept insisting that he wanted to develop the boy carefully, but after Cedeno compiled a .373 average, 14 homers and 61 RBIs in the first third of the 1970 season at Oklahoma City in the American Association, he was sent to the majors. On June 18, he was installed in the Astros' leadoff slot, displacing Jimmy Wynn from centerfield. And when Cesar hit only .204 the first few weeks, Wynn complained. “I think they did wrong in bringing this kid up. He should have been left in the minors for at least another year.”

Cesar, of course, disagreed. “I'd always been able to hit and I wasn't worried, even if I also wasn't hitting,” he recalls. The turning point came on July 11 in the Astrodome against San Francisco, before nearly 30,000 spectators. At the time the

Cesar Cedeno

CONTINUED

team was sliding toward last place.

The Astros' fans—having endured broken promises since the franchise was formed ten years back—had been told that Cedeno was the most promising player of all. When, with a runner on third in the ninth inning, he struck out on a pitch that splattered dirt, the fans began to boo him. When he again struck out with the bases loaded three innings later, they booed him more. They booed him even before he batted for the eighth time in the 14th inning, but the manager stuck with him. And this time Cedeno ripped a single to left, raced to third on another single and used some of that "eight-something" sprinter's speed (the world record is 9.1) to score on the fly-out that ended the marathon. One half-hour before midnight, Cesar Cedeno had begun to justify his reputation.

After that he sparked the team's rise, as he put together hitting streaks of seven, seven again, nine and 14 games. He hit safely in 21 of the last 22 games. He got 110 hits in the 90 games he played. He hit .345 during the rest of the season and finished with a .310 batting average. Although primarily a line-drive hitter, he hit seven homers and drove in 42 runs. He says it was no fluke. He is sure that he will become a power-hitter as he matures.

But hitting was only one of several skills he demonstrated. On the bases, he stole 17 times in 21 attempts. In the outfield, he covered enormous amounts of ground gracefully, made some outstanding running catches and unleashed some awesome throws. He also hesitated on some fly balls that dropped within easy reach and threw to the wrong base a few times, but these are faults experience will correct. Had he been called up sooner, many felt, he would have been Rookie of the Year.

He started slowly again this year but showed early on that he has weapons beside a bat and glove—

psychological weapons. With Houston trailing Chicago by a run in the ninth, Cedeno reached first base on an infield hit off 20-game-winner Ferguson Jenkins. Then he began to dance off the basepath. Jenkins was distracted enough to walk two batters, then balk Cedeno home with the tying run. Furious with himself, unnerved by Cedeno's antics, Jenkins then threw wild to bring in the winning run.

"I do what I can," Cedeno explains. "If I'm not hitting, well, hey, you *know* I can still bunt. Or I'll wait on the pitch, go to rightfield, the opposite field, with an outside pitch. So, I become a better hitter. As I get stronger, I'm pulling lots into the stands. I want to be a home-run hitter."

Of course, the first glimmer of a promise fulfilled brings pressure. To relieve the pressure, Cedeno sometimes sits out a game or two, or bats at the bottom instead of atop the order. But not willingly. "I like to play every day, I like to hit at the top," he says emphatically, "where I can run in front of the good hitters and where I can collect those RBIs." In an effort to pacify Jimmy Wynn, Cedeno was shifted to rightfield, so that (they said) his strong throwing arm could be used to maximum effect. However, Cedeno will only tolerate the shift as a stopgap tactic. "Right now," he says, "I have no choice. But sooner or later I'll have to go back to centerfield, 'cause that's where I belong."

There is in Cedeno, then, alongside the vision of his own potential, the knowledge that in order to become a superstar his talents must be effectively showcased.

"It isn't easy for him," says Walker. "He's in a strange country, after all, among strangers, and he's suspicious. He's proud and highly excitable and he has a fast temper. He's sensitive and edgy as a thoroughbred horse. So I have to bring him along just right. I don't want to peak him too soon. I don't want to rush him. You have to keep trying different keys that will open him up."

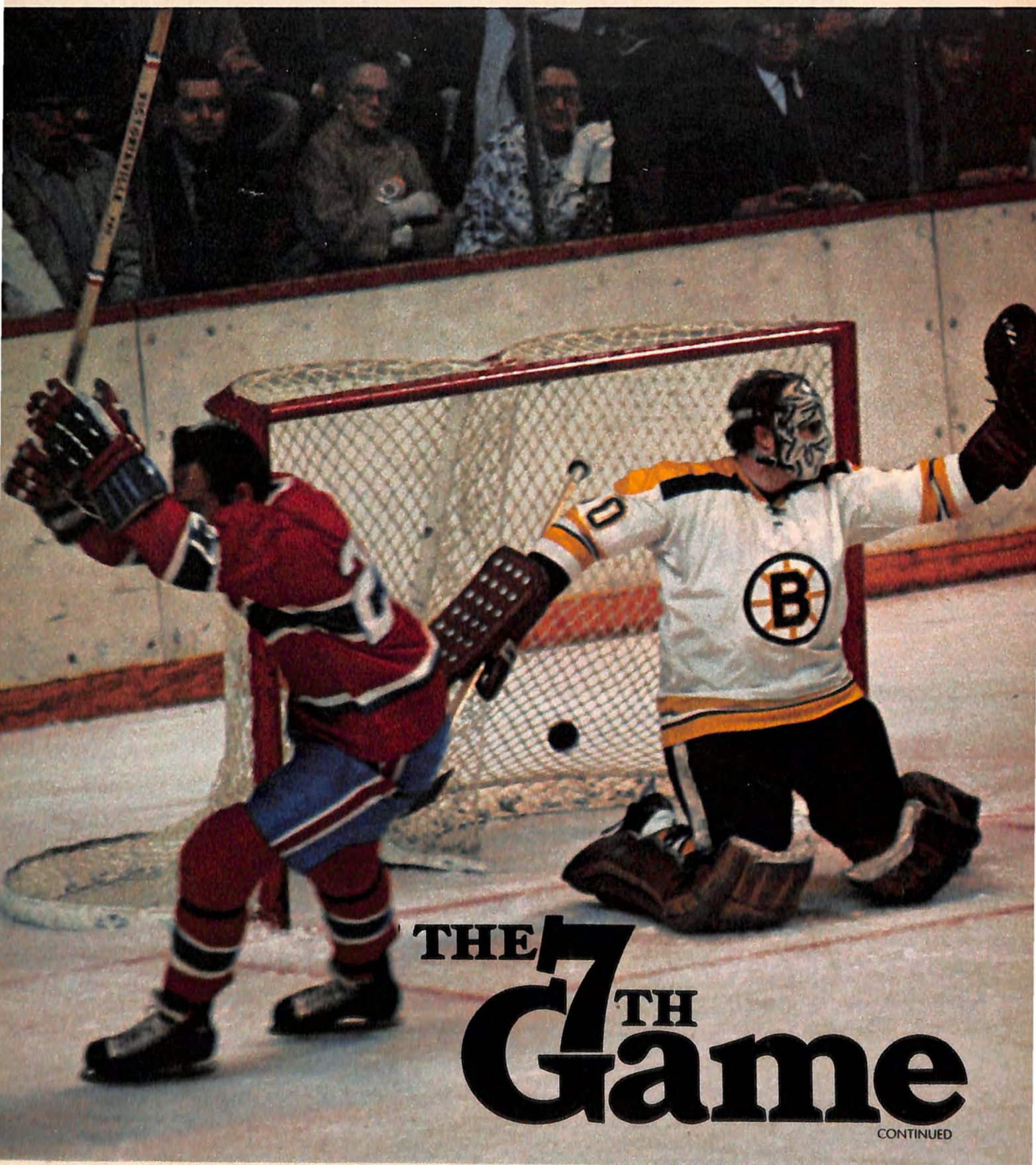
Told about Walker's feelings, Cedeno smiled and confessed, "Maybe

I am a little bit sensitive. If the manager tells me something I don't like, I get excited. A player says something that sounds funny, I get upset. Other players ride me, and I get angry; things go bad, I put my head down. But I want to do right, I want to listen to anyone who tells me ways I can use myself better. I study the game. I study the pitchers. I want to become a super-stealer, a super-hitter."

He sighed wistfully, adding, "What they say I should be is a big responsibility for me. I respect this, I want to carry it. I love this game. When I get a big hit or make a great play and the crowds cheer, I feel good inside. I have fun on the field which is why some people think I'm showboating. Really, though, I'm just having fun."

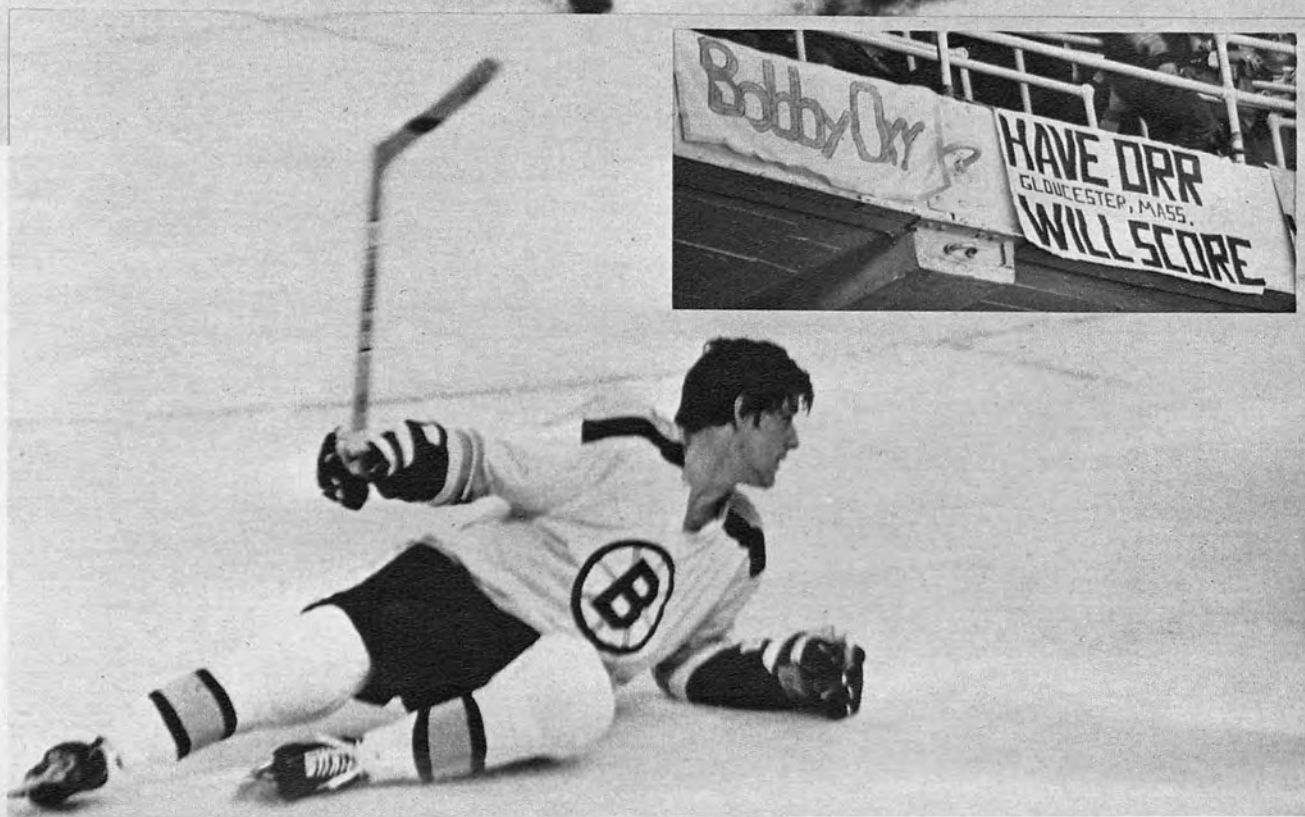
But Cedeno is also aware that self-indulgence has shattered more careers than it's helped. Cesar, who loves music and dancing, says he got married fast, this past February, because he figured it would be best for his career. "I was enjoying life too much. There were too many nice girls in Houston and on the road. Too many parties. I can't play around off the field all the time and still play good on the field," he adds. "So I settled down early, get to bed early every night. My wife is a beautiful girl, a good dancer. We're gonna have nice children, we're gonna make lots of money."

Cesar's wife, the former Milagros Gonzales, is only 19. She does not speak English and while Cesar is on road trips, she sits alone in their Houston apartment waiting for his nightly telephone calls. "She is lonely and still a little scared," he says tenderly. "Worst thing is, she doesn't like the food. She prefers our rice and beans and green bananas. I used to feel the same, but now I prefer steak. Maybe someday she will, too. You know," he adds, "it's a different way of life from what we're used to. It's too rushed for my tastes. I like to relax. But there are many good things—like cowboy movies, for instance. And it's a rich life, and I like that. I'll make it big, we'll buy a home here, too. She'll like that. She's gonna be very happy. Life looks like it's gonna be all right."

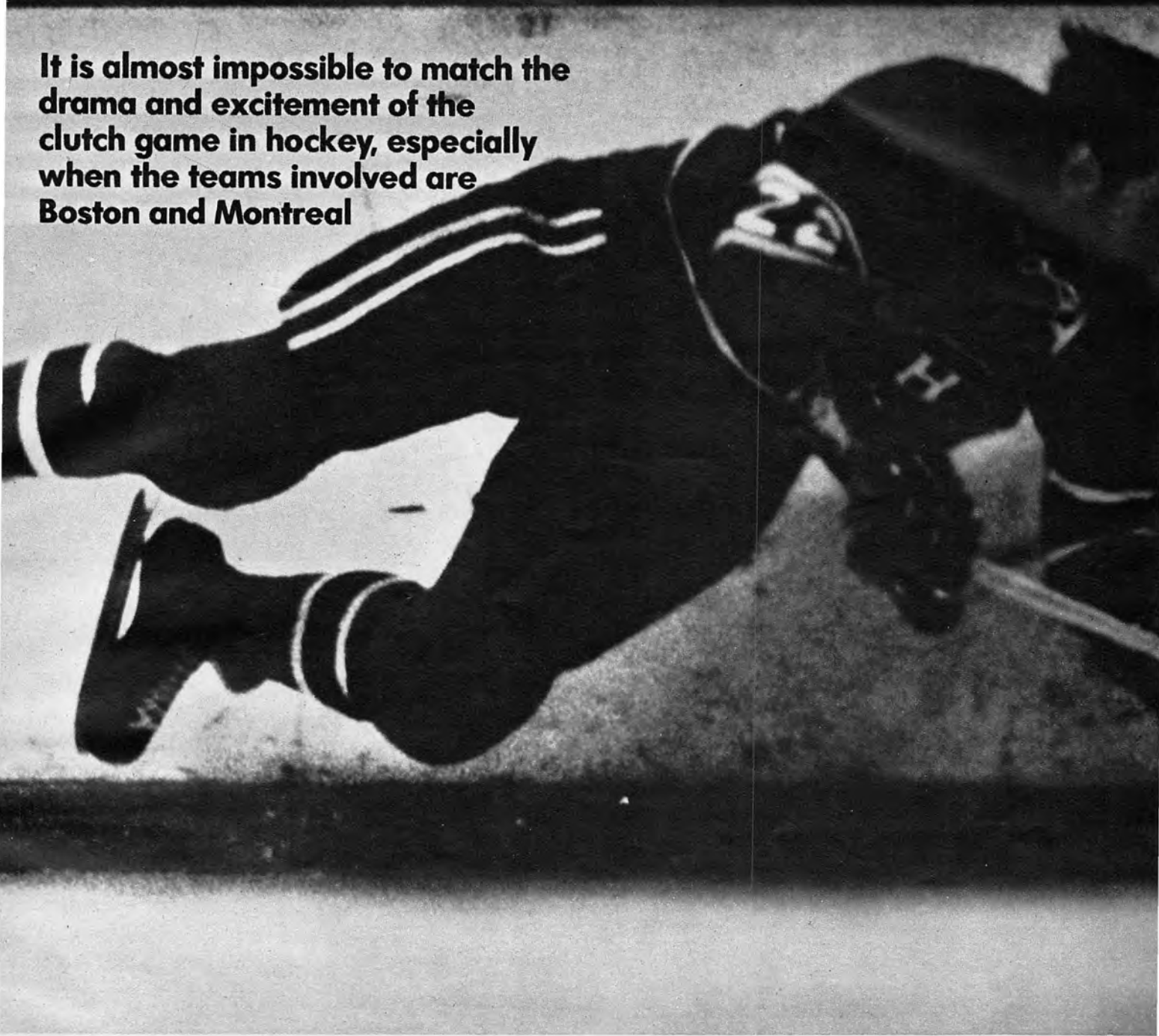


THE 7TH Game

CONTINUED



It is almost impossible to match the drama and excitement of the clutch game in hockey, especially when the teams involved are Boston and Montreal



Preceding page: Montreal's Frank Mahovlich scores decisive goal. Above: In the fury of the action, John McKenzie (left) and John Ferguson lock skates. Left: Despite sign, flattened Bobby Orr didn't.

BY JOHN DEVANEY

On the faces there is tension and worry as the crowd swarms into Boston Garden for what these photos show—the seventh game of the first-round Stanley Cup playoffs between Boston and Montreal. This will be the end for one of the teams—no tomorrow, no goodbye, you're out. In

no other sport are the stakes so high. Because of the intimate nature of the game played on ice, because one mistake, one small mistake, might mean the end, every move is significant.

The tension shows on the face of Frank Allon, who has watched hockey here for 45 years. "This Bruin team has done so much," he says, "finishing first, setting so many scoring records. Now, in one game, they could be eliminated. There's more excitement here today than for any hockey game I've ever seen."

There is tension on the faces of

the players: some pale, all somber. The Canadiens' legendary Jean Beliveau awoke three times during the night and stared at the dark ceiling, wondering how he would do. Montreal's kid goalie, Ken Dryden, jumped up in the darkness, arms stiffened, as though to ward off a shot. Phil Esposito stomped glum-faced into the Bruins' clubhouse, remembering what teammate Wayne Cashman had said of the meaning of this game: "This whole season, everything we have done, comes down to this final game."



Opposite page: In a faceoff, Beliveau (No. 4) clashes with Turk Sanderson (No. 16). "I outplayed Jean," Sanderson claimed later. **Bottom:** Canadiens pile up at the cage to block shot and sweep away puck.

Now the game: At 6:50 of the first period Boston's Ken Hodge flicked the puck by goalie Ken Dryden and Boston led, 1-0, the crowd thundering noise, beseeching more goals from Boston.

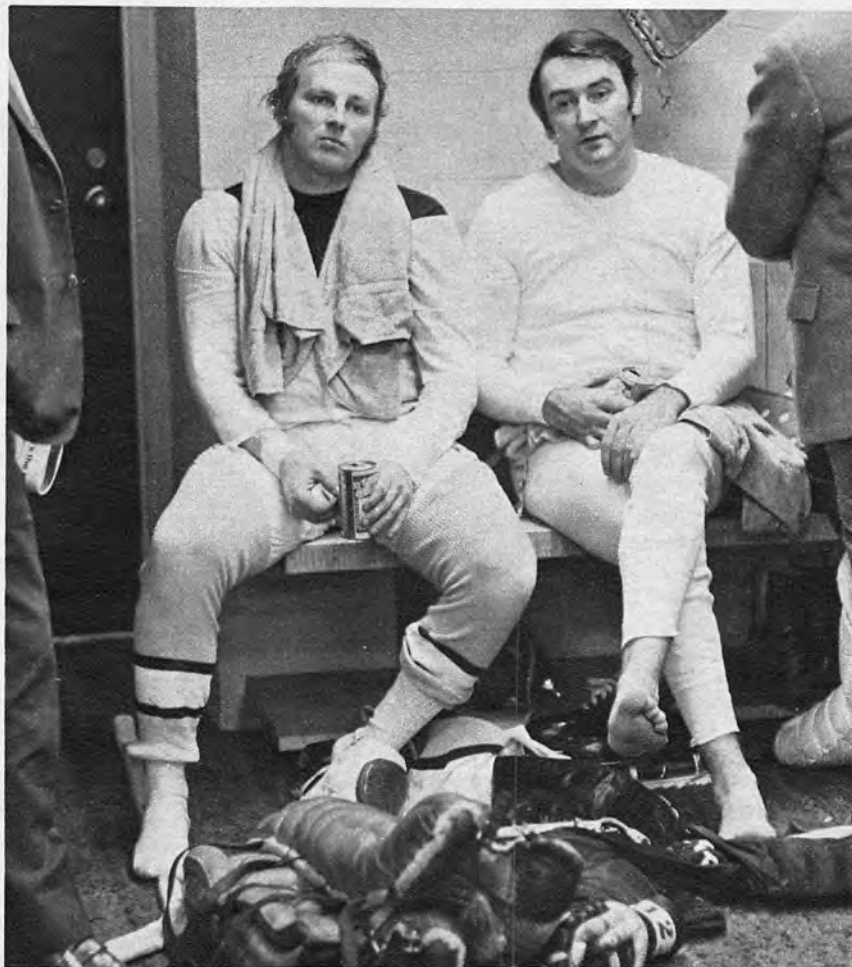
But Dryden stopped shot after shot. Early in the third period Montreal's Jacques Lemaire stole the puck from Bobby Orr, slipped it to Frank Mahovlich bearing down on the right. Mahovlich whisked the puck by Gerry Cheevers (page 60), putting the Canadiens ahead decisively, 4-1.

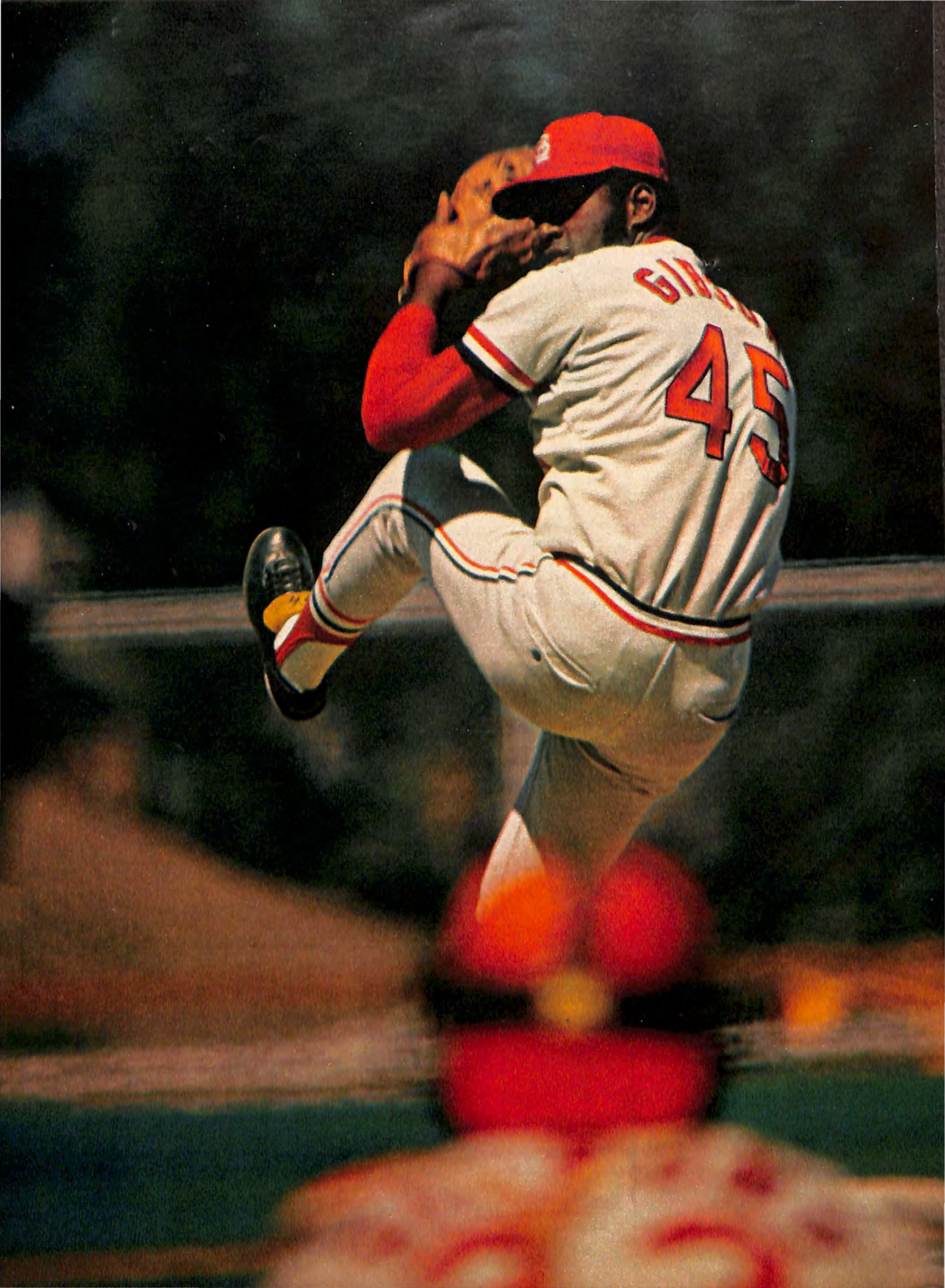
Phil Esposito lashed shot after shot at Dryden, 11 altogether, and the rookie stopped them all. Esposito symbolized the Bruins' frustration and anger with a single act: after a spectacular Dryden save, Espy swung his stick, baseball-fashion, against the rink's glass partition.

For the Bruins this was the bitter end, 4-2 losers. For the Canadiens, winners so often, this was a return to their days of pride. In the Montreal clubhouse the players sang *Alouette* and whooped in their joy. Rejean Houle, in his first big playoff, said, "I am so happy I didn't make a mistake. I was so afraid I would make a mistake." Ken Dryden stretched happily in a corner. One of Esposito's shots had struck him in the arm. "It doesn't hurt," Dryden said, grinning, "not now."

In the hushed losers' clubhouse, the Bruins tried to joke. Bobby Orr smiled weakly and said, "I'm going into hiding." Ken Hodge told a friend: "I'll be able to make that date next week after all." But it was defenseman Rick Smith who bared the real emotions of the Bruins. When a writer approached, Rick Smith waved him away, muttering in a choked voice: "I just can't talk about it, please, I can't . . ."

Losing Bruin goalie, Gerry Cheevers (left), and fellow goalie Ed Johnston review loss while (bottom) happy winner, Ken Dryden, makes jokes. A grieving Bruin fan said, "It's all over now, but history."





SPORT SPECIAL

A remarkable athlete
and a complex human
being, Gibby strides
through life with a
high sense of purpose
that can sometimes
cause people discomfort

BOB GIBSON: A MAN WHO CHALLENGES YOU IN EVERY WAY

BY FRED KATZ

Television Interviewer: "When you're pitching, Bob, you look like you psychologically try to intimidate the hitter. Is that true?"

Bob Gibson: "I think if you can intimidate him, it's all the better for you. If you can frighten a guy a little bit and he's a little timid when he comes up to the plate, then it may take a couple of years before he gets his confidence against you."

Interviewer: "I may be wrong, Bob, but there seems to be a parallel in your personal life with the way you are on the ballfield—an aggressive, challenging attitude."

Gibson: "I think so. When you intimidate someone, they kind of will take a backseat. Well, that's happened to the black man for 150 years; he's been intimidated and taken the backseat, and therefore he's been a little slower in coming about."

It is one of my good fortunes in life never to have stood sideways at home plate and watched this dark, glowering and physically imposing athlete show his contempt for my presence. The effect, I imagine, could be withering, which is why most hitters are delighted to gain any sort of confidence against him after a couple of years. Few do, even momentarily, after a good night. Early this season Mets' outfielder Dave Marshall got

two hits and helped knock Gibson out in the fourth inning. Afterward Marshall was asked what overall success he had had against Gibson. "I hit him just like everybody else who ever walked out there," he said. "Weakly or meekly, whatever you want to call it."

Gibson's psychological warfare begins with his absolute refusal to get friendly with the enemy off the field or on the sidelines before the game. It continues when he strides to the mound with the gait of a man—as Ron Fairly has described it—who is saying, "I'm Bob Gibson, and brother, if you don't know what that means, I'm going to teach you." Once Gibson starts pumping, the lesson begins. If the hitter crowds the plate, sooner or later he's going to get the brushback, a pitch Gibson throws with no reluctance whatsoever. If the hitter still leans in, he's risking broken bones (Duke Snider once got his elbow shattered from a Gibson brushback; he also got no apologies). So most hitters, aware of Gibson's history and using their own common sense, finally back off, thereby setting themselves up for the pitch on the outside corner—which they will barely touch, if at all.

Of course, Gibson's "psych job" does not account in full measure for the remarkable record he's had with the St. Louis Cardinals the past ten years. Even a man with the demeanor of St. Francis could be a 20-game winner

if he possessed Gibson's control and his range of artillery: a slider, curve, change-up, fastball (held with the seams) that sinks, fastball (held across the seams) that sails—the last two thrown at a speed nearly as great as anyone has ever propelled a baseball.

But the comforting thing for Gibson is that even when the hard stuff is a mite soft, the hard edge on his powers of intimidation is never dull. He always has *something* going for him, and the result shows in his consistency. In five of his last six seasons he has won 20 or more games—"My number one goal every year." (Only a broken leg at midseason kept him from his goal in '67.) Last season he set a major-league record by becoming the first pitcher to strike out 200 or more batters in eight seasons. Late this year he could earn the National League strikeout record, now held by Warren Spahn at 2583; going into the season, Gibson needed 191.

So the records tell us all we need to know about what it's like to face Bob Gibson on a ballfield; it is a losing proposition, clear and simple. For a pitcher, intimidation works as a powerful ally. But in Bob Gibson's case intimidation goes farther than that. It is not a trait that he plunks down on the mound next to the resin bag and walks away from. It has been too much a part of him, for too long a time. It is all wrapped up in the anger and hurt he has experienced as a black man every day of his life . . . in the occasional injustice done the professional ballplayer . . . in the lack of privacy he must unwillingly endure, the foolish questions from writers, the unyielding requests from fans, the necessity to change his phone number every three months. Intimidation is Bob Gibson's defense against all that is alien, and most things and people are alien until proven otherwise.

Not surprisingly, then, Gibson is one of the most difficult men to meet and know in all of sports. "I don't warm up very easily to a lot of people," he says challengingly. "Why? Why should I? . . . All a person has to do is say one or two wrong words to me and he's on a --- list and I won't spend anymore time with him, because I'm wasting my time."

Yet he also resents writers who won't take the trouble to find out what he's like, who rely on what Gibson calls "hearsay." "I hear that you're a hard guy to get along with." Well, okay, fine—then I don't wanna talk to ya. If you don't have enough sense to come find out what kind of guy I am and just want to go on somebody else's word, take off and talk to *him* and write your story."

So one must take extra caution when writing about Gibson, just as anyone who approaches Gibson had better be sure that he's not doing it at a moment when Gibson "doesn't want to be bothered." Curt Flood, in his current autobiography, *The Way It Is*, recounts an incident a few years ago between Gibson and coach Dick Sisler, whom I remember as a pleasant man afflicted with a slight stutter. It reads hilariously today, but you can be sure nobody was laughing at the time:

" . . . Before the team granted its stars the privilege of private rooms on the road, I shared space with Bob Gibson, a dear companion who gets the grouch on the

day before he is scheduled to pitch. At two o'clock in the morning on one of Bob's pitching days, . . . the heavy thinkers in the front office decided to see if all the players were in. We were awakened by a rapping on our door. I opened it. There stood Dick Sisler, the coach.

" 'Just checking,' he smiled.

"Gibson flew out of bed and stuck his nose in Sisler's face. 'If you ever come to our room again,' he said, 'you'd better be prepared for a good time. We're going to drag you in. We're going to tie you up. We're going to force liquor down your throat. We're going to get you *raped*. Is that perfectly clear?' "

Perfectly. And, taking my own cue from all of this, I made certain early this season to arrive in St. Louis the day *before* Gibson was scheduled to pitch, and to set up an appointment to talk to him the day *after* he pitched.

I wanted to talk with him about many things. What, for example, motivated him to keep pitching—now that he had been in organized baseball for his 15th year, now that he would be 36 in November, now that he had accomplished nearly every conceivable feat there is for a pitcher. He had won seven World Series games, two World Series cars from SPORT, two Cy Young Awards and one National League MVP. In 1968, his finest season ever, he had surpassed earned-run records held by Grover Cleveland Alexander in the National League and by Walter Johnson in the American—records that had lasted over 50 years. Gibson had had an ERA of 1.12, helped along by 13 shutouts and one stretch in which he allowed only two runs in 95 innings. Good heavens, what was there left to do except to do it all over again?

I was curious, too, about how Gibson felt seeing essentially a new team around him since the pennant-winning years of 1967-68 . . . how he felt about the reserve-clause battle fought by his long-time teammate, roommate and friend, Curt Flood . . . how he felt at this point about his own racial battles . . . how he felt overall about this marvelous career he's had, and did he have any plans for calling a halt in the near future.

But mainly I just wanted to talk with Gibson, period. He is bright, articulate, thoughtful, aware, and possessed with a fine sense for the humorous. I had met Gibson only once before and that get-together, unfortunately, had left something to be desired in the way of communication.

I had come to St. Louis on opening day of the 1968 season to do a story on the wonderful camaraderie the World Champions enjoyed. In due course I introduced myself to most of the key players, told them I would be around for a few days and that I would be listening, observing, picking up upbeat anecdotes and talking to them. There were no bad vibrations until I got to Gibson. When I said hello, there was no return smile, no sign of friendliness, only Gibson's wariness of strangers and new writers.

Later that first night I was standing next to the table in the center of the locker room, where several players were sitting around talking and joking. I was listening, trying to pick up a funny line or two. They saw me, and nobody seemed to mind. Suddenly this sharp voice over my shoulder began lecturing me on eavesdropping. It was Gibson, employing the old brushback.

Perhaps, under the circumstances, and certainly in his own mind, Gibson was justified to serve as clubhouse policeman. Still, it would have been a little more comfortable for both of us if he had given me the benefit of the doubt. But Bob Gibson does not believe in benefits of the doubt in such matters. By the same token, I do not believe in sticking my head twice into the same lion's mouth, so while I did hang around for the next week, I made wide circles around Mr. Gibson, for which I got the impression he was most grateful.

Three years pass, and once again I am in St. Louis during the opening week of the season. It is a couple of hours before gametime and Gibson has not yet come onto the field, so I say hello to Joe Torre. Joe, who had been traded from the Braves in 1969, is now the Cardinal third baseman, but had caught Gibson on and off the previous two years. I tell him that I'm here to do a piece on Gibson.

"Gibson?" he says. "Why do a story on him? Hell, he's oh and one."

It is an "in" joke. Gibson had lost the opening game in Chicago four days ago; Billy Williams had won it for the Cubs, 2-1, on a home run in the tenth inning. The "joke" is that a pattern seems to have set in the past couple of years: Gibson's won-lost record takes a relative beating in the early weeks, and just as skeptics are predicting his demise, he roars back as strong as ever. In that great '68 season, Gibson started out 3-5; he finished at 22-9. Last year he was 2-3 after a month and a half; by September 29 he was 23-7, his best won-lost record ever.

"What is it," I ask Torre, "that makes Gibby so consistent, so great, year in and year out?"

"Last year," Torre says, "our young pitcher, Jerry Reuss, asked me the same thing. He looked around the plane and said, 'How do you do it?' I said, 'How do you do what?' He said, 'How do you do it all the time? Guys make a lot of money and they still keep winning 20 games or hitting .300.' I told him, 'That's when you come down to one commodity—pride.' And no one ever had more pride than Bob Gibson. He does it all—Cy Young, 20 games, World Series—then works as hard as anyone, if not more. Just personal pride. And you've got to respect a man like that."

"One thing I'll never forget is catching him in the All-Star Game in '65. His eyes were as big as baseballs, he was so excited about being there. I've never seen a pitcher

get up so high for a game."

Torre remembers something else from being an All-Star teammate of Gibson's in 1965-6-7. He remembers Gibson's constant reminder that their being teammates was strictly a one-day arrangement, that last week they were enemies and next week they would be, too. "He would never let you get friendly with him," Joe says. "You'd try to talk to him and he wouldn't say anything to you, or nothing more than he had to."

"What did you think of him back then?" I ask.

"There's no other word for it, I guess," Joe says. "I thought he was a" Oh, well, you know the word.

Today Joe knows it was nothing personal. They appear to have become good friends and spend a good deal of time in each other's company in the locker room. They were talking to each other, in fact, when I followed Torre into the clubhouse a short time after he left the field.

"This man is doing a story on you," Torre said, pointing at me as I walked toward them.

"Why me?" Gibson said. "I'm oh and one." If I didn't know better, I would have sworn the boys had been rehearsing their lines.

I told Bob why I was out there, and told him we had met three years before. If he remembered, he didn't let on. But neither was there the overt hostility of the previous time. He listened as I made my pitch for a lengthy interview. Finally, rather pleasantly, he agreed to meet me in the lobby of his apartment two days from then, at 2:45.

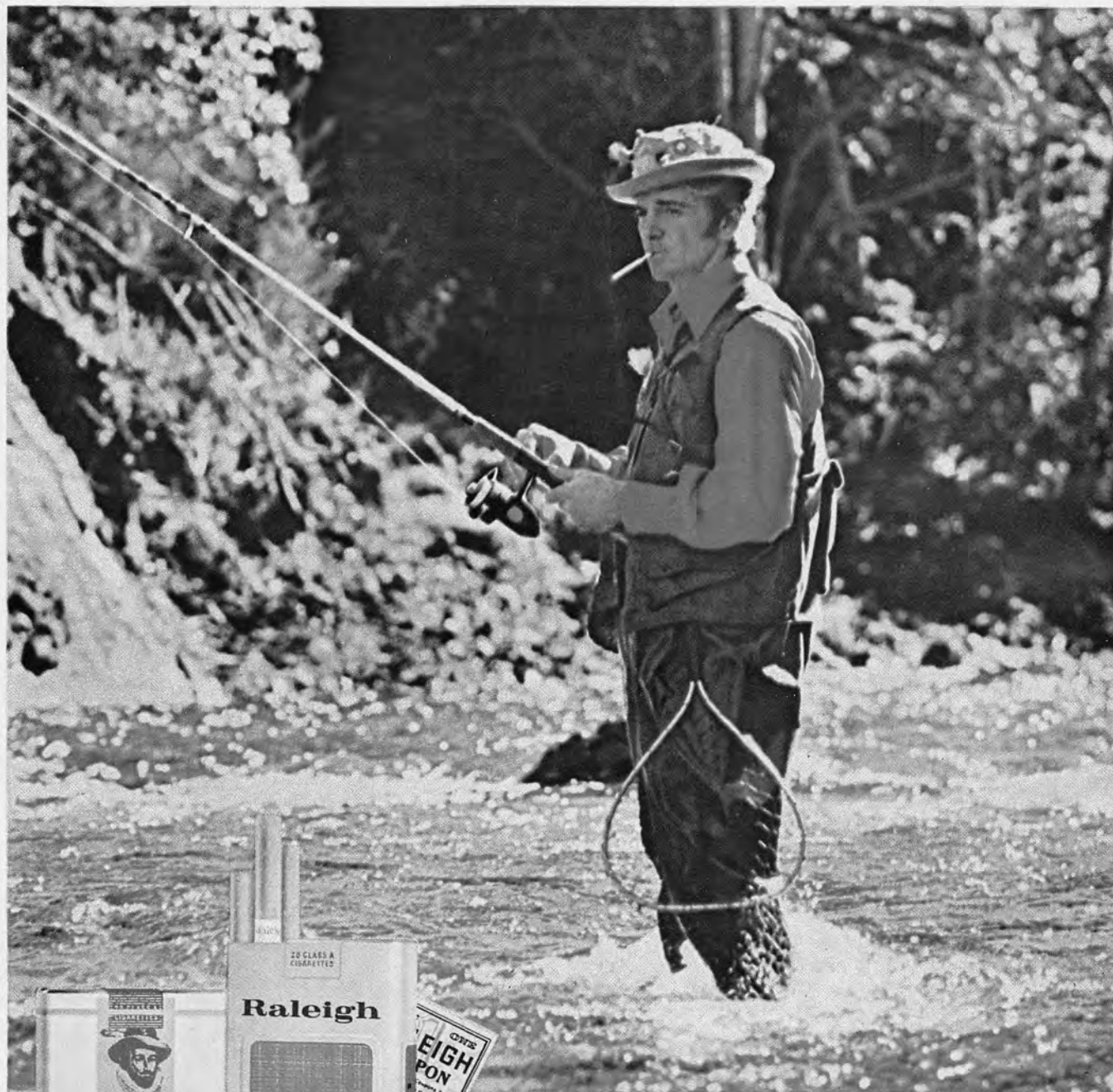
The day before our appointment was Easter Sunday, a workday for Gibson, the only day in the five-day rotation he ever looks forward to. If it were physically possible to pitch the other four days, he would. He thrives on being in the midst of the competition, can't stand being on the sidelines, helpless. It's been particularly rough the last couple of years, watching the Cardinals in their decline. "It drives me nuts, in between starts," he says. "Just sitting there or walking back and forth. You get nervous, your stomach turns over."

By rights, though, this was one workday Gibson shouldn't have been eager about. His left knee was swollen and stiff, and bending it was painful. The problem dated to the time, two years before, when Gibson slid into a base. He slid all-out, the only way he knows how to do anything. The knee bent back, and from then on it has periodically filled with fluid. Sometimes it is possible to reduce the swelling with heat treatments. If that doesn't work, the knee has to be drained. On this day the knee had swollen so much that draining it seemed likely. Finally, though, trainer Bob "Doc" Bauman and Gibson decided to try and let him get by without the extreme measure.

Despite it all, Gibson seemed almost joyful that he would be working. Around the batting cage he was the Cardinals' head cheerleader and agitator, his clear, pierc-

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ing voice cutting through the mostly-empty stadium.

His good spirits continued in the locker room while he waited to go out and warm up. He checked out some bats with Sizemore, drank tea and ate some candy Easter eggs, and quietly sat by his locker sharing some laughs with Torre.

When Gibson took the mound a half hour later, the San Francisco Giants had already paid him the ultimate compliment: they had halfway conceded him the game. Manager Charlie Fox was saving Juan Marichal for the second game of the doubleheader, sacrificing young Rich Robertson against Gibson. Meanwhile, Willie Mays, off to his hottest start in years with four home runs in his first four games, also elected to save his efforts for the second game.

Gibson began the game by getting strikeout-prone Bobby Bonds to go down swinging. It was not indicative, however, of the way the rest of the game would go for Gibson. Last year he had seven games with ten or more strikeouts, and none with less than five. Today he would end up with three, a tip-off that the "hard stuff" was absent. Today he would have to get by with his breaking pitches, his pride, his determination to ignore the swollen knee, the intimidating effect on the hitter that this was still *Bob Gibson* out there.

And a little bit of luck wouldn't hurt either. In the first inning, Willie McCovey strained a muscle while swinging and flying out to center. It was nothing serious, but he had to leave the game. Now, instead of their normal three-four combination of Mays and McCovey, the Giants had Cap Henderson and Frank Johnson in the power spots.

By the end of five innings it was obvious to both teams that Gibson wasn't pumping hard. It was also apparent that he wasn't likely to be beaten. The Cardinals had given him a one-run lead in the second inning and had added three more in the fifth. Meanwhile, he had held the Giants to four singles.

Gibson retired the side in order in the sixth and seventh innings and had one out in the eighth when pinch-hitter George Foster and Bobby Bonds hit back-to-back home runs.

The score was 4-2, and coasting time was over. Whatever Gibson had left on this unusually warm, 80-degree day, he had to call on now. It turned out he had enough. He got all five of the next hitters to make infield outs and end the game. Overall, it had been a masterful performance. He had faced just 32 batters, had walked no one, and he had done it all while being denied his biggest weapon, the booming fastball.

Minutes later he was sitting in front of his locker, facing the center of the room. He was still in full uniform, a towel around his neck. Periodically he would take a deep breath and let it out with a "whew."

"I wasn't throwing good," he said, "wasn't throwing hard. I felt lazy the whole game. Maybe it was the change in the weather. It was 40 in Chicago, that cold wind blowing in, and what was it today—80?" He took a deep breath and wiped his brow. "That's no excuse for the home runs, though."

"I imagine you really must have missed not having Mays in there today," I said jokingly as Bob continued to catch his breath.

He laughed. "Let him sit it out. He's too *old* to play two games anyway." Bob paused. "But it's a different team in there without Mays and McCovey."

Stan Musial, Administrative Vice-President of the Cardinals, walked in, enlivening the surprisingly quiet clubhouse. "Attaboy, Robert, attaboy," Stan said, slapping Gibson's hands almost on the run. Gibson, still sitting, accepted the congratulations barely audibly.

Stan the Happy Man exits, and I feel a sadness that the greatest hitter in Cardinal history and the greatest pitcher in Cardinal history have nothing more to talk about on the occasion of Gibson's first victory of the year . . . no small talk, no reflection on the game, no personal communication . . . nothing more than the usual "attaboy" and "thanks," a litany repeated over and over again. Why does it have to be so perfunctory, so routine, so *traditional*?

When I relay my feelings to Gibson, he shrugs and tells me that "congratulations are just a part of baseball; you don't get emotionally involved in it. What do you want him to do—kiss me?" But Gibson also seems a bit wistful when I say how nice it would be if they had something more to say to each other.

The basic problem is, of course, that even though they like each other, Musial and Gibson do not exactly speak the same language. Musial gets up at a banquet, speaks from the heart and tells of the "wunnerful" things that have happened to him because of this "wunnerful" game of baseball.

For Musial, life in baseball has indeed been wonderful. Because of his celebrity, and because he is white, no door has ever been barred to him. Business has flourished for him in St. Louis, he has a place in the Cardinal front office, and he is immortalized with a statue outside Busch Memorial Stadium.

Baseball has been wonderful to Gibson, too. His salary is reported at \$150,000. Whatever it is, he's happy with it, and he got it without an argument. He also has growing businesses—in the black ghetto of hometown Omaha. But there is unlikely to be a place in anybody's front office for him, he will never be deified in St. Louis, and some of the memories—ah the memories . . . discovering in the minors in Columbus, Georgia, that blacks are called "alligator bait" . . . discovering in St. Petersburg, Florida, in 1958 that the Cardinals' hotel would not be *his* hotel . . . discovering somewhere in the south en route to spring training that his two little girls could not use the restroom at a filling station. Those are memories that "seem like only yesterday. They go through me every once in a while."

As I looked around, I couldn't help being amazed at the difference between this team and the flamboyant 1968 club. Everyone seemed to be talking in whispers now, and there weren't many happy faces; three years ago you would have shouted yourself hoarse over the noise and

laughter. I mentioned the difference to Gibson, and for the first time I saw a look of melancholy come over his expressive features.

"I know what you mean," he said. "You would have thought I'd just lost. There's no spirit at all. It's like, 'Well, we got the work done; let's rest a while and try it again—see if we can get this other one over with.' The everyday enthusiasm we had three years ago isn't here. We would *lose* a ballgame and come in and cheer damn near as hard as if we had won the game, trying to pep everyone up." Bob sighed.

He appeared willing to talk some more, but it seemed to be a time to leave him to his private thoughts. "Thanks, Bob," I said. "We'll pick it up again tomorrow."

"See you at 2:45," he said.

The next afternoon we met in the lobby of the luxury apartment Gibson lives in during the season. The building, overlooking the Mississippi, is just a few blocks from the ballpark. Normally it is a quick, easy walk, but yesterday, after the game, Gibson had walked it very slowly, and painfully. Now he seemed rested and back to life.

The first order of business for Gibson was a ten-minute interview at a new UHF television station. "It's a pilot show," he said. "I don't like to do much of this kind of thing, but the club asked me to, so . . ." He shrugged.

A half hour later he was on camera, and he would have been as much at home if he were the interviewer as he was as the interviewee. Two winters ago he worked with Marty Glickman over a New York TV station, broadcasting Ivy League basketball games. Bob's basketball career at Creighton University and one season with the Harlem Globetrotters qualifies him as an expert on the sport. And his voice makes him a legitimate commentator. It is an interesting voice, full and rich, and never dull.

The interview went smoothly, and by 3:45 he was in the Cardinals' training room, stripped down, ready to take a heat treatment for his knee. Assistant trainer Gene Gieselmann began rubbing a sticky, dark substance onto the knee. "What's that?" I asked.

"Spit and dirt compound," Bob said with a straight face. "You know—when you get hurt and they say put spit and dirt on it?"

"It's iodide compound," Gieselmann said.

Bob stretched out on his back and the heat lamp was put into place.

"Getting back to what we were talking about yesterday," I said, "why do you think the spirit on the club has dropped off so abruptly in such a short time?"

"It's from changing over the team the last two or three years," he said. "It's just like startin' a brand new ballteam. Everybody's feelin' around for their job. You might want to pull for a guy and be friends with him, but you're

kind of leery of it. And as soon as you start losin', they start invoking rules and regulations. God, in the last two or three weeks I never heard so many *rules* about *this* and *that*. And they have nothing to do with your playing baseball."

One large blow to morale was the now-famous lecture that Gussie Busch gave the Cardinals in 1969 spring training. It is famous largely because Busch called in the press to listen, and then distributed reprints of the text around the country. The substance of the speech was that the players might try and do a little better job of living up to their responsibilities to the ballclubs, to the public and to baseball. I asked Bob if he thought any part of the speech was directed at him personally.

"Ohhh, why do you ask me that?" He laughed. "Did you?" I laughed too. "Yeah," Bob conceded, "one part I guess may have been directed at me . . . where he was talking about some ballplayers being on national television and saying unkind things about the owners. I was on the Johnny Carson show, talking about radio and TV revenue, and all I said was that the players wanted the same percentage from it they had been getting for X number of years, and that the jump from a half-million to 17 million may have been the reason that prompted the owners to get a bigger cut. I've never had any trouble with Mr. Busch; he's been pretty good to me, but that doesn't make things right. If I think something is wrong, I'm gonna say it."

Do not take that last statement entirely at face value. Bob Gibson is no fool. He is *not* going to tell you about everything that he thinks is wrong. He picks his public targets carefully, fighting *for* principles rather than *against* individuals.

But he has spoken out enough the last few years to know that he's pretty much cut himself off from any future job in baseball, unless it's as a broadcaster. You get the feeling that if it were possible, Gibson would love to have a shot at being the first black manager, or being a black manager, period. But it would have to be on his own terms, and he knows that's not possible.

"The first black manager," he says, "is gonna have to be a guy who is considered 'all right,' a 'nice guy'—and you know what I mean by a nice guy. He's a guy who's gonna have to take a lot of crap, regardless of whether he thinks it's right or wrong. I could probably do the job, but I don't think I'd be the guy they were lookin' for. I'm a guy who squeals when he gets his toes stepped on—if you're black you're a troublemaker, if you're white you're just in pain and let's do somethin' for it."

There is no current baseball player more consumed by racial problems than Gibson—no one who speaks out on it more volubly, willingly, forcefully, shifting emotions and attitudes from controlled anger, to pragmatism, to irony. It is impossible to talk about Gibson without talking about race, because race has forged the man. He grew up in the ghetto, where he remembers near-poverty

and being bitten on the ear by a rat. He escaped the ghetto because he was an athlete, and then almost had his baseball career ruined after a year and a half by a man who, Gibson says, "was prejudiced—there's no other word for it." And when he made it despite that manager, made it beautifully at \$50,000 a year, he discovered that it still wasn't enough to escape racial roadblocks. He went to a bank for a loan to buy a house in an all-white neighborhood in Omaha and got turned down. He ended up getting a loan from an insurance company.

"What reason did the bank give you?" I asked as he lay on the table, the heat lamp still baking his knee.

He sighed. "I can't even remember." His voice was almost a whisper. "They were so Mickey Mouse. All you know is that you're angry and you walk away fuming at the face. Some guy sitting behind a desk making \$12,000 a year tellin' you you can't afford to buy this house. Collateral is always good, that's always a good excuse. Gee, if you had enough collateral, you could just go ahead and use the collateral. 'Here, take this in exchange for that.' " He laughed, which he often does when talking about such things. The laugh is an emotional release, less painful than punching his fist through a wall.

Incredibly, more than he has a right to be, Bob Gibson is still an optimist, still a believer that things can better. He's seen some changes—including changes in himself. He feels he's mellowed somewhat the last three years, and I for one am willing to vouch for that. But he refuses to give himself the credit.

"Yeah, I've changed," he says, "but the guys who approach me have changed too. They've changed their thoughts and ideas about what a black person is. They don't think about that. All they think about is, 'Well, you've changed.' Everybody changes a little bit."

"Did your wife have much to do with your changing?" I asked. I had never met Charline Gibson, but everything I'd read about this remarkable and multi-talented woman made me believe she might have had something to do with softening her husband a bit.

"My wife?" Bob said. "No. She's worse than I am."

I laughed, thinking he was joking. But he wasn't.

"That's right," he insisted. "We're passin' each other. See, she has a tough way to go now. She's in a position where she's as well off as probably any black young lady her age, so when she tries to associate with different groups, they give her bullshit like 'Oh, you don't know anything about our problems.' They forget that four years ago she lived there too. Hell, she's just human like everybody else, and she likes to go and do things with people she enjoys being with. And the ones she *has* found to run around with, they make so much money that it's making it miserable for me tryin' to keep up." Bob laughed. "So I let her travel a lot. She's pretty good friends with Bill Cosby's wife, and last year they went to Africa. I try to let her get out and go because I know how difficult it is for her. I feel kind of sorry for her."

Despite the problems in Omaha—the white problems and the black problems—Gibson still is totally commit-

ted to the city. All his offseason financial efforts take place there, and they are considerable. He helped lead the drive to buy a radio station, the only community-owned station in the country. He is now involved in getting a black bank approved by the state, and future plans include starting a demolition company. "I contend that if black people are to progress at all, it's gonna have to be with money." He says, "If a person is to be respected, he has to have financial stability."

As Bob talked, Doc Bauman had begun massaging Gibson's knee with a small heater. Bob suddenly bolted up. "Doc, that's burnin' like a sonafagun!"

"I want to get in there and keep the joint from filling up," Bauman said.

"Oh my God, let it fill up if it's gonna burn like that." He laughed sharply.

"Before we leave the subject of race," I said to Bob, "let me ask you this: How much prejudice do you see in baseball today?"

Gibson's voice suddenly began to radiate. "There is nothin' any better than goin' out on a ballfield, everybody playin' for a common goal, everything just right. That should be a perfect example of how people can get along. Guys out on the field, one of your guys gettin' knocked down, gettin' into a fight, 22 guys out there fightin' for each other." Bob chewed on his lower lip and his voice cracked with emotion. "But as soon as the game is over it changes right back to that same old crap that's outside the stadium. You go down the street, the same guy you were fighting back-to-back with—you get hit in the head and he'll look at it"—Gibson laughed—"and say, 'Yeah, too bad about that. I didn't want to get involved.'"

Gibson's love of the game and of what can be accomplished on the field besides fame and fortune make him sound like a man who would retire reluctantly. I asked him if he had any plans to do so.

"Whattaya think, Doc?" Gibson said, laughing.

Bauman was now massaging the knee, the heat treatment over. "I detected a little quiver there when he asked that," Doc said.

"Well, it depends on what kind of equipment they come up with in the next couple of years," Bob said. He was facetious, but turned serious again. "Aw, I'll give it a couple more years, then just kind of stop and look at things . . ."

"You're not quittin' till we win another pennant, I'm telling you that right now," said Joe Torre, lying on the next table.

"Do you have any chronic physical problems that might cause your retirement sooner than you would like?" I asked.

"Only my brain. That's a chronic problem." He chuckled. "I'm serious. That would make me quit before anything physical—fighting the problems everyday. Oh, I don't know if there are that many problems—maybe just more problems to me than to other people—not hav-

ing any privacy, being careful about what you do and what you say and tryin' to live an example for somebody's kids. I get so sick of that stuff."

"Have you ever been so angry that you actually were provoked into a fist fight?" I asked Bob that, not believing anybody would be foolish to take him on. He stands 6-1, weighs 195, and if anything, seems even bigger.

He laughed. "Oh, yeah. Period. Yes, period. I'm not gonna go into the details about that. Things like that are written and provoke other things to happen. There are people who go around lookin' for trouble, especially with somebody they can get somethin' out of in a law suit. Kind of keeps you in the house, too. So I don't like to talk about that stuff. But it's happened."

"Over racial matters?"

"One time it was. It was a place in St. Louis seven, eight years ago. I was sittin' with a couple two, three other players. This guy came in—I don't now whether he was drunk or what. He came over and said, 'We don't allow niggers in this place.' With no further ado I got up and knocked him over a table."

He laughed. "Like I say, I've *mellowed* in my older age." His voice softened. "But it's happened since, too. I just don't like to talk about it."

He got off the table, got dressed, and a half hour later was playing third base during batting practice. In the meantime I sat in the dugout with manager Red Schoendienst, who talked, in his extremely reticent way, about what kind of pitcher Bob Gibson now was at age 35.

"He works just as hard now as he ever did," Red said. "The only difference in him now is that he's not able to come quite as hard on every pitch near the end. I think he'll probably come up with a new pitch before he's through."

The Cardinals beat the Astros, 5-4, and after the game, by Gibson's locker, we talked about what motivates him, what it is that helps him endure the pain of injury and the unsteadiness of advancing age. His immediate response was the cold, hard reality of the professional: There's good money to be made in this game, and the more you make the more you want. "If that's important to ya in life," he said, "then you're gonna really work at it. And it's important to me, probably because of my background."

But he realized, after thinking about it for a few moments, that he wouldn't be fair to himself if he left it at that. "I can't say that the money is the only thing," he said, "because I'd be lyin'. I just hate to lose, period. I know that if I win 20 ballgames, I'm gonna get paid pretty well for it, but when I lose a ballgame I probably feel as bad about it as anyone ever felt about losin' a game, even at this stage of the game, when I've been pitchin' for 12 or 13 years."

We talked about other matters and then I said, "How do you feel about writers?"

"Writers. Aw, I can take 'em or leave 'em. I've met some good ones, I've met some bad ones. Some of them think they can make or break you. Well, they can't make or break me unless they're pretty good fastball hitters. But most writers aren't that bad. There's always just one or two guys who'll try and stir up a little stuff. 'You,' and his voice rose in pitch, "could be a cesspool disturber there if you just really tried." (The first word has been changed to protect this family magazine.)

"I could be what?" I said, caught by surprise.

"You could be a cesspool disturber if you really bore down at it." He laughed, but there was no mirth. "Some of those questions you ask—you know. The writers you try to avoid are the guys who try to make you say something that could really hurt you—and, and you're one of those guys. I can get around most of them, but not everybody can. The way I feel about things right now—ten years ago I never would have said it, because I was trying to make it, and I just possibly could have got sent away for it."

It would be nice to say that I thought of some witty retort on the spot. But I didn't. Wit is not the first reaction when one is called a potential "cesspool disturber" by an unsmiling Bob Gibson. The response, I imagine, is very similar to the way a batter feels when he has just been brushed back by a Bob Gibson fastball. A severe jolt, a slight sense of panic. *Intimidation*.

To be totally honest—though I hope not self-flagellating—I deserved the verbal brushback. I had been leaning too far over the plate, challenging Gibson more than he desired. I had thrown him some tough questions—one of them was what he had thought of the Cepeda-for-Torre trade—and he had neatly sidestepped them. But the time had come for him to issue a warning, and that is something he had never sidestepped, and never would. He had changed along the way, in a small, subtle manner—even mellowing on the surface—but the core of the man had never softened.

It is a useless game, trying to challenge the challenger, and Bob Gibson may be as challenging a pitcher (man) who ever played the game of baseball. Some people say you have to go back to Don Drysdale of the Dodgers to find anyone else who rivals him in recent years. Joe Torre drew that comparison when he was telling me how Gibson was so unfriendly while they were on opposing teams. "Drysdale was the same way," Torre had said. "He'd never talk to you. And then I went out there one day and I couldn't believe it—Drysdale was laughing and talking with some guys on my team. I said to myself, 'This sonofabitch is ready to retire now.' The next week he did."

The comparison is valid, but only to a point. Somehow I don't think Bob Gibson would be willing to give up his edge, even for a week.



(Continued from page 43)

prove themselves fit. Physically fit. Morally fit. You cannot disbelieve him, because he is honest. But you have to wonder. Who ever knows exactly why he does what he does? There is the modest boy who would like to be liked. There is the inner man who desires to triumph. Put the two together, and you have a man who runs to win, so he'll be loved. Perhaps this is why Jim Ryun runs. And why I write; and you teach; and she sells; and he engineers; and they play. We must leave a recording behind, for people to admire. Didn't Bonnie write poems of her bank-robbing exploits with Clyde, and send them off to the newspapers? We can't stay retired; the itch is there, for something—fame, love, applause, acceptance. Is that what we are trying to prove?

What is his goal, in track, right now? Does he want to run in the Olympics?

"If at the end of this year I don't want to run, I won't. It's a temptation to run in the next Olympics. But people are not able to comprehend the pressure. The Olympics are like no other meet I ever ran in. I've run in two Olympics."

He has. And lost both times. Once, just a kid, in 1964, shouldered out to the middle of the track in a qualifying race, forced to run 20 yards farther than anybody else, badly beaten. Then in 1968 at Mexico City, running what he calls "a perfectly planned race," yet beaten by 50 yards by Kip Keino's incredible performance. We talk about those races.

"Are you galled by people who keep bringing up the two or three races you lost, rather than the 300 or so you've won?"

"No," he says. (Nice kid.) "You lose and you win. Losing is an aspect of it."

He talks about the 1968 Olympics with great ease. If it bothers him, you can't see it. He talks about that "perfectly planned race," and its disastrous consequences.

"I never felt such pain as after that. I hurt all over. Chest, head, legs. I was out of it. I remember only pieces of the next 15 minutes. The idiots—and you can quote me—who said altitude would have no effect on distance were dead wrong. It mattered. I had hoped Keino would run a stupid race, that he would not set a fast pace. Then I'd have a chance to catch him. But he didn't run a stupid race. I wasn't in bad shape after three-quarters—maybe 50 yards

behind, in fifth place. I'd won from that distance before. But Keino didn't come back. And I had so much oxygen debt I couldn't do anything. I take nothing away from Keino. He might have won at sea level. But you have to run at altitude 25 years to get used to it. It wasn't important we had only four weeks to train. Six months, a year wouldn't have mattered. You still wouldn't have got used to it. When it was over, I went up the entrance ramp, just a slight incline. I felt I was climbing the Empire State Building on my hands and knees. I barely remember the awards ceremony. I'm not ashamed of that race. I'm proud of it."

He walked over, after the awards ceremony, to Anne Snider, whom he'd been dating for two years and would marry three months later, and he hung the silver medal about her neck. "I didn't expect him to win at Mexico City," Anne recalls. "I was relieved it was all over. I was pleased he had done as well as he had." But Anne was in tears.

That was Mexico City. He feels there is nothing to redeem. Yet he is tempted to run in the 1972 Olympics, even though the pressure is not comprehensible to us lay folk. It is a meet unlike any other. What is Jim Ryun trying to prove?

And Miami, when he quit in the AAU championships, after running 600 yards? He has said many things about that day. "I don't know. I didn't even know I was doing it. All of a sudden I just found myself off the track. It was a nightmare. . . . I'd been running five years, and I wasn't enjoying myself. I was unhappy and uncertain as to what I wanted to do, and was unable to establish priorities for my wife and myself. . . . I was just about at the end of the rope. I quit because I have to be my own person, my own man. I didn't know what I was doing there in the race. So I just quit. . . . If I had to give an answer, it would have to be pressure. I can't even begin to express what it's like. It wasn't a visible thing. Most of it was inside me. . . . The pace picked up. At that point there was no competitive response, no great desire to run. . . . Yes, I quit in Miami. But I don't think I'm a quitter. . . . All my life I strove for perfection and never achieved it. Not the perfection of winning or setting impossible times, but the perfection of being perfect within yourself."

Today he says he has put Miami away. But he also says, "Miami could

be recreated, if I let the pressure get to me. In a sense, it was a good experience. You can learn from your bad experiences."

And what had he learned from that bad experience?

Jim Ryun laughs. It is another difference. He is amused by more things these days. His eyes glint with enjoyment, his mouth curls into ready smiles. What had Miami taught him?

"I learned, one, you shouldn't ever quit. And I learned, two, you'll never be able to explain it to anybody."

Perfection is ceasing to be a real goal, inside or out. Yes, he says, "I am a perfectionist in some ways. I want to do my best. But I dislike the term. It denotes a self-centered person. Put it this way: I want to excel in track and in photography and as a father. I want to excel in all the things I try."

This is Jim Ryun today. He runs 70-100 miles a week. Back in Kansas, Bob Timmons, coach at the U. of Kansas, and before at the high school where Ryun ran, still directs Ryun's training. By mail and by phone, each week the two men correspond. Ryun telling the coach what he did the prior week and how he felt, and the coach preparing next week's regimen. But it is not all of Jim Ryun's life. When you ask him his goals, you had better specify if you mean track or life. He distinguishes between the two. "One thing I want," he says, "is to be a good father, a good husband. Happiness is seeing my little girl smile. Happiness is making my wife happy."

He is able to entwine the two goals, running and life. He had said, in 1966, he ran for different reasons at different times. In the beginning, it was a way of life. Then it was to win his letter. Later, the Olympics. Then, travel. Now he says, a bit stiffly, perhaps because it is so personal: "One big motivating force to compete is the desire to share it with my wife. I want her to meet some of the people I have met, experience the excitement I have experienced."

Just as Jim Ryun is shy, Anne Ryun is open, outgoing. She laughs easily, a small fair-haired dimpled girl with a trim figure—an utter delight, the perfect foil for the quiet Jim Ryun. They met on a blind date. Anne Snider was a cheerleader at rival Kansas State; she'd heard about Jim Ryun, what a shy boy he was. She shrugs off things like that. She knows she can open people up. Besides, they had actually met before. Jim Ryun ran his great race at Berkeley, shattering Jazy's mile mark

by two seconds, and in the crush that closed in on him somebody stole his track shoes. Ryun was upset. A cute coed pressed up close, asking for his autograph. Curtly, he turned her down. That was Anne Snider. He was anxious to get back to the dorm. "Everybody was trying to rip stuff off my body," he explains. "It's silly. All that adulation."

So this first meeting was negative. Bad vibes. Then came the blind date, and Anne Snider found Jim Ryun wasn't particularly shy after all. Anne thinks it isn't shyness so much as the problem of being in the public eye. "Jim had to be cautious. He was more visible than most people. He always knew what he said and what he did would be recorded."

They dated. They married. Today Anne Ryun says, "He's much more open."

But before the openness came the disaster in Miami, when Jim Ryun stopped running. He'd lost the zest to run. He quit. A world had ended.

"I didn't really retire," Jim Ryun says today. "I stopped my career for a needed rest. Six months later I no longer felt stale. I wanted to return to training, but I couldn't, because of my studies. I needed 19 hours to graduate."

The Ryuns discussed the question of Jim's resuming training. At dinner and in the evenings, they talked about it. Could they make the time? They knew he'd be coming home terribly tired at night. Anne Ryun was pregnant. She'd be having her baby along about July of 1970. A new baby demands time from both parents. They decided.

On May 18, 1970, Jim Ryun began to jog the streets of Lawrence, Kansas. The first day he jogged three miles; then it was four. Soon it was more. Anne had her baby, Heather. When Anne was up to it, she jogged along. The first time she jogged, she ran two miles, and found it fun.

The tempo picked up. In December the Ryuns moved to the West Coast. They searched for a place to live, and a place to work, combing the California coast, beginning in San Diego, and hitting Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and San Francisco, before moving into Oregon. In Eugene, Jim Ryun, who majored in photojournalism at college, found a small apartment on the outskirts of the city, and a job with Bohemia Lumber Company, a conglomerate that makes everything from fence posts to prefabricated modular homes. He says he hates the term "public relations," but that is what he does. He

gets on the phone and he makes dates for visitors to tour the plant. When he recently went down to run in Australia and New Zealand, he stopped off at Kauai in the Hawaiian Islands, where Bohemia has a plant, and he did a photo-story. He is new on the job, and he apologizes when he takes you through the office. "I still don't know all the names of the employees." On the phone to a caller he says, "Oh, golly, I'm afraid I can't answer that. That's too difficult for me to answer. I'm pretty new here." Some things haven't changed.

Some things don't change. His training. The day before I joined him in Eugene, he'd run in the streets for an hour and a half, in one of the worst rains Eugene had ever had on an April day. Naturally he'd enjoyed it.

His workouts are split into two general types. A sprint workout and a hard distance run. When he runs for distance, he relaxes. "I have a good time. I let my mind go blank." When he sprints, he concentrates. He has to achieve certain times, which he dispatches to Bob Timmons back in Kansas. Timmons digests the material and sends out next week's sked. At first it was hard. His muscles ached. It's still harder—training is—than it was in 1966. But he adds quickly: "It's not as hard now as it was three months ago." Jim Ryun is coming around.

He also comes around to the theory of pain. Because it is difficult to conceive of anybody submitting himself to the routine of a distance runner, we writers have evolved our own theories of pain, which we hang about the necks of runners, like lead medals. Running, we have said, is a dark tunnel with a light at the distant end; men punish themselves in order that they may reach the ever-receding light. Pain, we say, is a barrier which the runner must punch through, in order that he gain a mastery of his body. We have said more, and I am not sure any of it is wrong. Jim Ryun thinks most of it is. "I am disgusted with the 'Pain is the Name of the Game' part of track. So is lifting weights part of the game. So is mental attitude. So is concentration. Pain is secondary. It is not painful. Oh, it is, but it's not. I don't think of pain in literary terms the way writers do. It is an aspect of training, but a subtle aspect. It's overdone."

Anne Ryun says similar things. "Track is a hobby," she says. "But it is a life, too." She lives the life. Jim takes two and a half to three hours out of

that life, every day, just to run. "It means no movies or going out at night," she says. "He comes home tired. It's late. We don't eat until 8 or 8:30. He is tired when he most wants to be full of life." But she does not complain. She has opted for that life. And she submits to her husband when it comes to goals.

"He makes his own. I hope he continues to do what he thinks is right." She has already known the pleasure that comes from his running a fine race. At San Diego, Ryun ran 3:56.4, his second time out after his comeback. "The morning after," says Anne, "we lay in bed, and I thought back to Miami. Mmm, I thought. Quite a change. Oh, it was such a good feeling."

Pain is part of it. But so is pleasure. You run and you win, or you run, and you run well, and it makes you feel good. We keep forgetting that part. It makes Jim Ryun feel good.

So what is he trying to prove? He has run since he was 15. Now he is 24. Nine years, with a year off to find the pleasure principle. Maybe he's trying to prove—to himself, to others—that running is part pain, part pleasure. Like life. He's run back to the first reason he ever ran, when he was a kid. It was a way of life. After nine years, it becomes more than a way of life. It becomes a life of its own. Part pain, part pleasure. A universe slips between these extremes. We spend too much time labeling things. Let it be. He runs. Sit back and enjoy it.

Running has always had a mystique of its own. What does it prove? It doesn't have to prove. It is. He runs. Once, he quit. That was no big deal. We all quit. I quit a dozen times a day over my typewriter, trying to avoid it. Housewives dawdle over the TV set, to quit facing the ironing board. We all quit. He quit. No big deal. Now he's back. That is a big deal. He doesn't have to prove anything. He doesn't even have to win, if we'll permit him. But, of course, we won't. Our demands are insatiable. Let us take Jim Ryun apart some more. We're good at these cruelties. See Jim run. Run after him. Rip off his clothes. Those he wears on his body and those he wears to shield his soul. Strip him down. Our demands are insatiable. That is the pressure Jim Ryun is again heading for. I think he knows it. I think he can handle it. I think he's strong enough now—physically mature, mentally mature—to handle it. God knows, he'd better be. ■

ONE WRONG SEASON MAKES A WRIGHT

(Continued from page 55)

experimented with the pitch in the bullpen. But mostly he just sat and brooded and waited. By the season's end, he remembers, "I really felt lousy. It tore me all to pieces mentally, because deep down inside I knew I didn't belong in the bullpen. But I also knew I had to prove it to this ballclub."

Having to "prove" himself was an unlikely role for Clyde Wright. Growing up on a farm 30 miles east of Knoxville, Tennessee (along with four brothers and a sister), Clyde was all-everything in high school in nearby Jefferson City. Later, although only 5-11, he was a standout basketball center at Carson-Newman College in Jefferson City.

But it was his skill at baseball that attracted the professionals. The scouts came around when he was a junior. There were some interesting offers but Wright decided to stay in school, which was great for Carson-Newman. Wright won 32 games and lost only five in college and he pitched his school to an NAIA title his senior year.

In 1965, he received a degree in Physical Education and reported immediately to the Quad City farm team of the California Angels. Candidly, he admits that "money was the only thing that entered into it when I signed with the Angels. I wasn't even sure which league they were in, and I never saw a major-league team until the Angels played the Cubs in an exhibition game in 1966. It didn't really matter to me where I went. I thought about signing with the Yankees because I liked those pin-striped uniforms, but the Angels offered me a \$10,000 bonus, and that was more than anybody else came up with."

At Carson-Newman, he'd also been a prodigious hitter, playing the outfield when he wasn't pitching. "When I signed with California, I borrowed some books to find out how many outfielders they had because I thought that's where I'd be playing. When they told me I'd be a pitcher, I got the books back to see how many lefthanders they had. That's all I knew when I went to Quad Cities." In 1965, he was 7-2 at Quad Cities (with a 1.99 ERA) and 9-0 at El Paso in 1966 when, two months into the season, the Angels called him up. In his first major-league game, he beat Minnesota 8-1. ("When I walked out on that field in Minnesota, I looked over at the Twins' players and they didn't have names on their uniforms, so I didn't know who they were.



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ONE WRONG SEASON MAKES A WRIGHT

If I'd seen 'Killebrew' and 'Oliva', it probably would have scared hell out of me.") He was strong and lithe and savvy—partly because at 24 he was older than most rookie pitchers—and he relied exclusively on a fastball and a modest curve. He ended that 1966 season 4-7 with the Angels and Angel manager Bill Rigney farmed him out to Seattle the next spring.

By mid-season 1967, however, he was back, with an Angel team that was floundering. Wright finished 1967 with a 5-5 record. The following year he was 10-6 with a losing club and seemed ready to move into the rotation as one of Rigney's dependable starters on a young and promising pitching staff. Then everything fell apart in 1969. Or at least so it seemed. In retrospect, of course, the seeds of his success in 1970 were germinating. At a low mental ebb, he had been receptive to Grissom's advice. He had learned how to throw the screwball, but had lacked the confidence to try it on those rare and tight occasions when he was called in to relieve a faltering teammate. And the tactics and pacing of relief pitching were different. His inherent outlook was that of a starter. He could, he felt, prove himself and the effectiveness of his new pitch only over the long-haul of nine innings.

So when an unexpected opportunity came to prove himself and his new pitch, Wright clutched at it eagerly. The winter following the 1969 season, Angel All-Star shortstop Jim Fregosi was asked to manage a club in Puerto Rico. "I was thinking of going to him," Wright recalls, "when he came to me and asked if I'd like to go down there. I said, 'No, I wouldn't like to go but it's a matter of *having* to go somewhere to learn that new pitch Grissom showed me.'"

The metamorphosis of Clyde Wright in the Caribbean in the winter of 1969-70 was due almost entirely to his mastery of the pitch Grissom had taught him. But he had some help from batterymate Pat Corrales, backup catcher for Johnny Bench at Cincinnati. "The big thing Pat gave me," says Wright, "was confidence. I was afraid to throw the screwball when I was behind a hitter, and he kept coming out and saying, 'Don't give in to a hitter.' And he really built that attitude into me, and I had it all through the 1970 season. Down there with Corrales and Fregosi, I learned how to throw a breaking ball or my screwball when I'm behind so the batter can't

get set for my fastball. Now I'm liable to throw it on 3-and-2 or 1-and-2—the count doesn't make any difference."

In Puerto Rico, Wright won 12 games for Fregosi and helped lead his team to the "Caribbean World Series." Not surprising, then, that Fregosi became one of Wright's strongest supporters. "Fregosi came to see me when he got back that spring," manager Phillips recalls. "First thing he told me was that Wright was gonna be one of my starters. He told me that Wright was ready to really contribute to the club."

And that spring Phillips was to need all the help he could get. The articulate, easy-going Rigney was proving a tough act to follow, particularly for a no-nonsense, rough-spoken individual like Phillips. But slowly, player by player, Phillips won over the Angels. Wright recalls, "Lefty came to me and said he wanted me to be one of his starters. And I figured if the man had that much confidence in me after the year I'd had in '69, I was gonna get myself ready mentally and physically and I was gonna pitch for him."

And that's what happened. The Angels broke fast, and so did Clyde Wright. "The first three weeks, every ball they hit off me was hard but they hit it right at somebody. Then the Yankees came into town. They got six hits real quick and out I came. So I sat in the clubhouse for a while and kept it from bothering me. I was able to do that all through 1970. That's something I couldn't do in '69."

Phillips's confidence in Wright built steadily, due both to Clyde's new temperamental stability and his greatly improved pitching. An unspoken sort of rapport developed between the two men over the long season. In one of his few poor performances, Wright was rapped for two runs by Cleveland in

the second inning and the Indians had two more in the third, when Phillips came out to the mound and told Wright he was going to make a change. Clyde, berating himself for pitching badly, asked the manager to let him pitch to one more hitter. Phillips looked at him sharply and said, "No, I've made up my mind." The Angels came on to win 9-8. Looking back, Wright says, "It was the only time all season I asked him that. He's got a job to do."

A few weeks later, Wright had to spend two weeks on active duty with the National Guard. He started against Chicago the day after he returned and was two runs ahead in the seventh inning when he walked the leadoff man. Phillips came to the mound and asked Wright if he was tired. Clyde said, truthfully, that he was—and he came out.

As the final American League pitcher in the 1970 All-Star game, Wright took the loss—although he didn't pitch badly. But he more than offset that disappointment on July 3, 1970, at Anaheim Stadium, when he pitched the second no-hitter in Angel history. The victim was Oakland, and the pregame ceremonies were right for the occasion. At home plate, Wright was inducted into the NAIA Hall of Fame for having pitched Carson-Newman to the national title in 1965. Then he went out and disposed of 29 Oakland batters in an hour and 51 minutes.

But it is a new season and new problems along with new satisfactions, and Wright has little time to reminisce. In 1970 Wright had a past to live down. This year he has a past to live up to. He pitched the Angels' season opener and gave up four runs and eight hits, before he was lifted in the middle of the sixth inning. Four days later, against Milwaukee, Wright again gave up four runs, this time over a span of seven and two-thirds innings, as he suffered his second consecutive loss. But on April 15 he beat the Royals 4-1. In his next turn, against the 1970 divisional champion Minnesota Twins, he won again, leveling his record at 2-2.

Says former batterymate, White Sox catcher Tom Egan: "He's got the control, he's got the pitches, he's got the conviction. I mean it: There's no reason why he shouldn't be winning big for the next five years."

To which Clyde replies, "I'll take them game by game," holding up two fingers to signify his early-season win total. The season was still young and Clyde Wright had a way to go. ■



ANSWERS
From page 10

1 a. 2 c. 3 c. 4 False—Ohio State. 5 b. 6 a. 7 c. 8 a. 9 Alabama—1961; Texas—1963; LSU—1958; Army—1945. 10 c. 11 a. 12 a. 13 a. 14 c. 15 a. 16 b.

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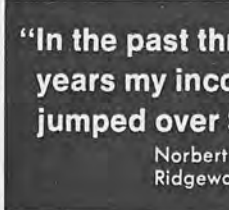
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(Continued from page 53)

didn't make it, but you could still believe it was possible. Then came the third year. And that smashed all the hopes. It was pretty evident by then that the tradition had had it. We were getting to be antagonistic toward each other—the culmination of a three-year downfall. And what was suddenly evident to the team was evident to the public and everyone else: The Packer legend was dead. We needed to start from the beginning again and a new face was needed to build us."

Chief and rebuild, Devine comes to Green Bay with several formidable assets, central among them an understandable confidence in his own ability to win football games, a by-and-large talented blend of young and experienced Packer veterans, and the luxury of a five-year contract to build the club back up again in his own way and in his own good time.

As a head coach with 16 years experience, Devine has formed a few habits, some of which would seem to fit well in Green Bay. He is said to be a fanatic about detail and thoroughness, traits reflected in his passion for the mastery of football fundamentals. Indeed, his smallest daily act is said to be subjected to methodical study and execution. Devine is known, for example, to dust off coat hangers before entrusting his jacket to them.

"He is a very, very neat man," says Francis Peay, who played for Devine at Missouri. "And he will encourage his team to be neat. Now, all ballplayers like to have nicely shined shoes, but sometimes they don't shine them because they don't want to look like prima donnas and hot dogs. Devine wants his whole team to look like prima donnas. At Missouri, we had new form-fitting skin-tight uniforms just to practice in. Our practice socks weren't old sweat socks. We had sharp brand new socks all the time. With him you didn't have to have dirt under your fingernails to play football. He made you feel like class. And you wanted to do something back for him."

The players did—they won. But there were reasons other than solicitude. Missouri was a national power during the 1960's (the only college team never to lose more than three games in a season during the decade) not so much as a result of its raw talent but for its avoidance of mistakes, its disciplined ball control. With good reason, Lombardi professed to find parallels between his game and Devine's.

"People say it's a difficult transition from the colleges to the pros," Devine says, "but just look at the films of our Notre Dame game last year. From the defensive spacings we used you would have thought we were pros. In some ways the college game is getting like the pros and the pros are getting like college."

In spite of his bumbling, faintly uncertain Mr. Peepers-air, Devine exercises firm control over his emotions. Though he has never been caught out in a bald-faced lie to newsmen—a rare gift among coaches—neither does he tell the press very much. He seldom answers questions as such, but responds with a memorized answer that is vaguely related to the issue at hand. Even when discussing the most trifling matter, he habitually goes "off the record" with an air of earnest, pained regret worthy of a seasoned White House news secretary.

Thus, few people who have dealt with him extensively claim to know him, or to have witnessed many momentary emotional cracks in his impassive facade. One former Missouri footballer recalls, "It was rare that Devine showed emotion. But there was one incident that always got it out of him. When he first took over Missouri they played Oklahoma, and one of our guys was run out of bounds on the Oklahoma sidelines. The Oklahoma guys got him in their snakepit and stomped him. The kid was hospitalized with injuries. Devine would relate that story once a year, never before the Oklahoma game, but early in the season sometime. And his voice would crack and he'd say if one of his players ever did that kind of thing to an opponent he would resign his job, he couldn't coach a team that would do something like that. The guys would remember that story and you could never play Oklahoma without thinking about it. I don't know, was he trying to rouse us or was he trying to teach us a moral lesson? Playing for the man, I always felt he could do both."

Yet few people remember Devine as a particularly warm man. "Aloof" is the word most of his ballplayers and close associates fall back on, though most are quick to qualify that judgment by noting isolated acts of kindness, compassion and warmth. Rollie Dotsch, who was a Devine assistant at Missouri before leaving to become head coach and athletic director at Western Michigan, is now a Packer assistant with Devine. "I was the last one named

to the Packer staff," Dotsch says, "and to be honest with you, I thought he'd be looking for me, although I guess I couldn't call myself a close personal friend of Dan's. I had tenure, was athletic director and head coach where I was. There aren't many assistant coaching jobs I would give up all that for. It would have to be because I have respect and loyalty for the man I'm going to work for."

Francis Peay adds, "There are three men whose examples have meant something to me as a person: John F. Kennedy, Ernie Davis and Dan Devine."

Lest these remarks take on something of the character of a nominating speech for JAYCEE-Man-of-the-Year award, it should also be noted that Devine has demonstrated a cold and sometimes petty exterior. His favorite haunt while at the University of Missouri was atop a large tower he constructed to survey the empire of his seven practice fields. He was known to cast a withering eye and a vengeful comment here and there on errant youths below. For years he has held minor grudges against people who have slighted his accomplishments.

Some time back *Sports Illustrated* did a piece on Missouri football that quoted former Kansas coach Pepper Rodgers as saying that Devine was okay, but he couldn't win the big ones. Rodgers, known in the trade as a pretty handy fellow with a flamboyant quote, denied uttering such a thought. *Sports Illustrated* stoutly maintained he did.

The upshot is that Devine has held a grudge against the pair of them ever since, for what is surely a pretty trifling affair. What CBS is to Spiro Agnew, *SI* has remained to Dan Devine. As for Pepper Rodgers, well, one source at least confirms that during a recent Kansas-Missouri game Rodgers flashed a V sign across the field to Devine, who returned half of it. One writer who has covered Missouri football says Devine thinks of Rodgers as a *nouveau riche* loudmouth, a publicity monger, a man who sums up every quality Devine despises. It seems a rather harsh reaction to a piddling quote. Nor does the reported animosity between the two seem particularly exaggerated. In a Missouri-Kansas 1969 clash, Devine left first-string quarterback Terry McMillan in until the closing minutes of the game and ran up a 69-21 victory. That struck some observers as a little vindictive. The Kansas football writers bearded Devine in his dressing room

(Continued on page 80)

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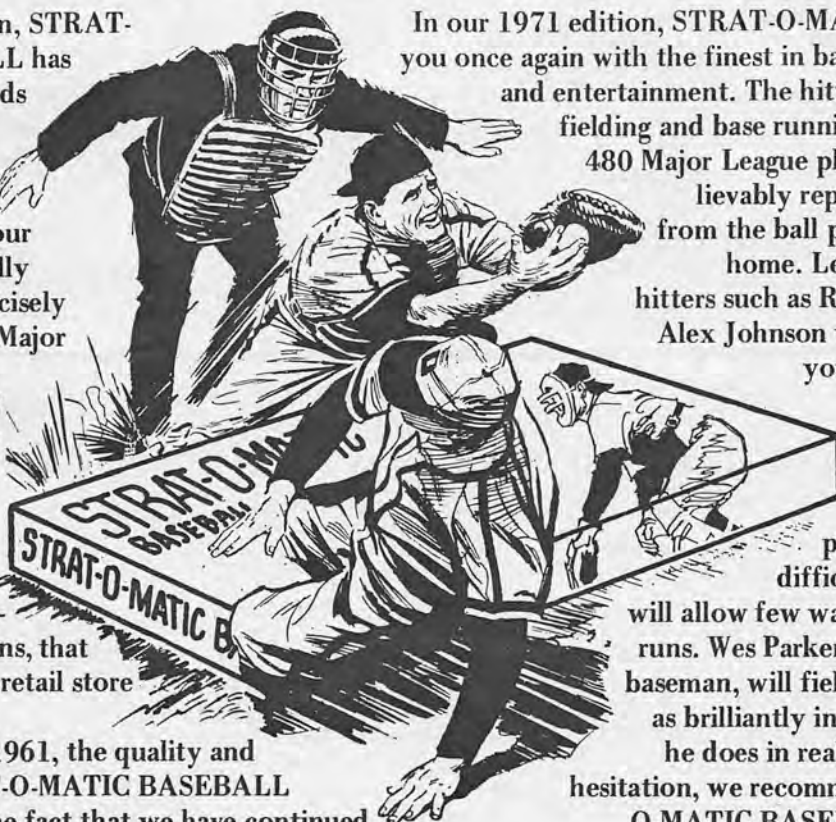
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(Continued from page 78)

and complained of the needlessly churlish drubbing he had administered. Devine—whose elaborate courtesy with the press extends to beginning and ending every sentence addressed to a reporter with the man's first name—exploded and told the writers that he didn't invite them into his private dressing quarters to be insulted. This uncharacteristic show of abuse from the normally mild and courtly Devine was a startling lapse that has never been forgotten by witnesses. And it is perhaps the most significant thing about Devine that his lapses, his occasional eruptions of emotion, are so vividly recollectable, embalmed and cherished as clues to the man's real identity. For no one professes to really know him, to even sense what the man is like inside. Such concern is absurd. Surely, for those of us who are not married to the man, it is enough to accept him as he shows himself, to judge him on the face he shows the public. What is the point of trying to know a man who refuses to be known?

Yet, there is a tantalizing quality in Devine. He is extraordinarily sensitive to his surroundings, witty in a dry way, clearly intelligent. More than that, he has a sly and probing manner, the kind of man who is constantly analyzing and judging you. He has cultivated the quality of seeming frank while remaining evasive. "I'm a dull guy, an introvert," Devine says over dinner. "People say I'm aloof, but it's just that I'm not very gregarious. They said I was aloof at Missouri because I gave up my membership in the country club." He attacks his steak with a surgeon's deliberation, lifts his water-glass as if to concentrate on the invisible atomic properties in its contents. A snappy, if sporty dresser, given to wearing the green and yellow color-combinations of the Packers, he retains his youthful Irish good looks. They called him the "Baby-faced Assassin" when he took over Missouri football at the age of 32—the phrase meant to suggest boyishness rather than ruthlessness.

There is no doubt that he is inordinately proud of his Missouri record. "Anyone who's survived the turmoil in the colleges since 1965 has been a fantastic person," Devine grins. "Anyone who survived the turmoil and got respect from his players. I survived, and I think I got the respect. My philosophy isn't inconsistent with winning. But there are other values, too. A football player plays his heart out, his back to

the wall, and he misses an extra point and we lose the ballgame. I don't owe that guy 20,000 sleepless nights. I owe him loyalty for what he tried to do. I owe him the protection of letting him know that I'm grateful to him."

That philosophy appears to be more than idle bombast. In 1960, Missouri was ranked number one in the nation with a 10-0 record, but Devine watched it all go down the drain as the Tigers lost to Kansas 23-7. After the game Devine came into the bleak Missouri dressing room and told the team: "I blew it, you didn't" and went on to elaborate the coaching mistakes he had made that week. It takes character to assume the burden of defeat the way Devine did that day.

Devine gives his Irishman's secret grin and says, "I've had ten years to build up some security. I would have liked to coach against Vince Lombardi. And I would like to think I could have attacked Vince's offense pretty well."

So now Devine has the chance to attack the team Lombardi built on quite another level, to put his own stamp on the Packers. It was Lombardi's nature to attack problems frontally, to assert his authority in a massive show of strength and will. Devine—a polite man and perhaps a secure one now as well—moves with almost invisible slowness.

An early Dan Devine decision was to retain the existing Packer terminology, figuring that it would be easier for him to learn a new vocabulary than it would be for the Packer's veterans. "The terminology doesn't make any sense," Devine says, "and I feel sorry for the rookies who'll have to learn it, but it will be more efficient for more people to keep it. If I were ten years younger and I had been an assistant coach coming here to take over, I would have scrapped everything. But I don't have anything to prove to anyone."

With Jim Grabowski's knee a perpetual question mark, the Packers have long been plagued with the lack of a consistent inside running back. In the first round of the draft this year Green Bay went for Ohio State's John Brockington rather than Missouri's Joe Moore—along with Johnny Roland, probably the best running back Devine had at Missouri. "Joe Moore would run through a brick wall for me," Devine says, but notes that the Packer scouting combine had graded Brockington higher than Moore. Therefore, Devine says, he had felt obliged "to bend to the assessments of our professional scouts.

I don't agree with some of their choices this year, but it's their job to make those decisions."

There is flexibility and deliberation in Devine's approach. Yet, while he wears the Mandate of Heaven, the glory of the Lombardi dynasty and the collapse of the Bengston era before him add a certain element of chilly challenge to the honor. By Wisconsin standards, the Packer Dynasty is not something to be rebuilt over the years, but to be resurrected for the '71 season. As if in grim acknowledgment of the fact, Devine is going with quarterbacks who are, by any reasonable standards, doubtful. Bart Starr is 37 and coming off three consecutive injury-ridden years. Zeke Bratkowski is 39 and coming out of a two-year retirement. With those two at the controls, the Packer '71 season means one last championship from the ancient regime—or a year-long trauma.

"I guess this camp boils down to a matter of Devine testing us and us testing him," said a member of the Packer old guard in his Arlington, Texas, motel room. In the spring Devine had assembled the Pack for a two-day training camp, the highlight of which would be a two-mile run that linemen were expected to complete in 17 minutes, and backs in 15½.

With 80-odd players flying into Texas to meet the Man for the first time, Devine was asked if there wasn't a certain risk in introducing himself to his new team under disorganized training-camp conditions. (The training camp was, to put it mildly, an improvised affair, memorable chiefly for the inability of numerous Packers to chug two miles in the allotted time.) Devine summed up his feelings about the team and their possible reaction to him with a grin, and the announcement: "I'm the only one on the team with a five-year contract." A jest, but a steely one.

Devine was born in northwestern Wisconsin, and grew up in Proctor, Minnesota, close to Duluth. He was a Catholic in a flinty Protestant environment, and the people who knew him best say his remoteness, his compassion, his fairness and, perhaps, even his strength stem from his constant exposure to religious prejudice during his youth. Being a deeply private man, Devine does not talk easily about his past. Suffice it to say that the reluctance is in some ways born of pain. He was turned down for a high school coach-

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HE PACK IS DEVINE . . . ?

ing job in Minnesota because of his religion. His wife's family is said to have offered some stiff resistance to their Protestant daughter's marriage to "black Irish" Catholic.

The University of Missouri is located in Columbia, Missouri—the surrounding area is known as Little Dixie and was the scene of Quantrill's Raids and of John Brown's first entry into history. Devine takes pride in the successful campaign he waged to ban Dixie as a rallying tune at Missouri games. He was the first Missouri coach to recruit blacks and he has been known to turn a cold heel on influential alumni whose conversation is littered with racial slurs. He hired a black assistant coach before that move was fashionable. He told the school administration that his black players wanted some black cheerleaders rooting them on along the sidelines. The school authorities dragged their feet, and when the administration frantically called up one year to request the loan of his black allplayers to quell a student disturbance, Devine said, "Okay, but this is the last time you're going to call my black athletes in for firemen." The next season the administration found a way to get some black cheerleaders on the Tiger pep-squad.

So, again, there is strength and a concern for people's feelings here. He has respect for his players, black or white. Even affection. "If you've ever been in Devine's basement you'd see how secure he is in his own world and what kind of a man he is," says Neil Amdur of the *New York Times*, who covered Missouri football as a student reporter in the school paper. "The walls are covered with football mementoes and pictures. The pictures are all of his athletes, and not him. Always his players, not Devine."

How hard is the transfer from the college ranks to the pros? Well, not for a man who knows football, can put together an effective organization, and has some character underneath that hard shell of reserve.

"Dan Devine is very aware of himself," says Francis Peay. "He's a shy person and he knows that. Yet, he's a demanding man. I was glad when he decided to come to Green Bay."

"But I'm not sure I want to play for him. What if I've changed? I know he'll be successful here. He always has been. But the fear is there that he won't win and that I'll feel responsible for it. I couldn't take that. Not the way I feel about Dan Devine."

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I WAS CERTAIN THAT I WOULD DIE

(Continued from page 38)

stakes placed every 100 feet or so marked the edges of the highway. In typical mountain-road fashion, the highway switched back and forth as it climbed toward the summit. When I could see a switchback above, I would take a shortcut, literally climbing right up the mountain.

It was rough going. My 250 pounds worked against me. Where a lighter man might have been able to navigate with relative ease, I wallowed. The snow often was chest deep. The only way I could make progress was to move with a swimming-like motion. The thought that I might die on this mountain began creeping through my mind.

The wind was really screaming, hitting 80 to 100 miles an hour. It whipped the snow right through my snowmobile suit and froze on my chest. My goggles were frozen to my face. Ice was beginning to build up around my mouth and my chest from breathing.

After one of my shortcuts I caught sight of two shadowy figures resting in the snow. It was Dickson and Street.

The fatigue hit me then, and I collapsed alongside of them.

By then, I had lost all sense of time. I just put one foot after the other and leaned into the driving wind and cutting snow. It was only a short time later, I think, that we were hailed from behind by Marilyn Waples, the game warden's wife, and Bob Leiviska, Jr., the 15-year-old son of another member of our party. Somewhere up ahead we figured were Waples, Loren Miller, another snowmobile mechanic, and Averell Kronick, a co-worker of mine from Minneapolis. That left eight of the party farther behind us down the mountain.

When we hit the summit in late afternoon the wind was gusting at well over 100 miles an hour. Often it would knock us off our feet and send us spinning across the snow. Because we were well above the timberline there was no protection from the knifing wind.

Marilyn Waples said that the Top of the World store was seven miles from a sign we found at the summit. In that weather seven miles was a long, long way.

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I WAS CERTAIN THAT I WOULD DIE . . .

To avoid losing each other or the road, we devised a leap-frog system of finding the snow stakes. Three of us would stay at the last two stakes found while the other two scouted stakes ahead. When the forward scouts thought they were about halfway to the next stake, one of them would stop and the other would move ahead and search for the stake. That way there was voice contact between all five members of the party. When the front man found the next stake, he would shout "Stake!" and the others would move up.

It was very evident now that we all could die—might well die—on this mountain.

When Paul and I were out front on a stake-scouting mission I said, "Hey, old buddy, looks like we're not going to make it on this one."

Paul replied, "Yeh, but we have to keep moving. That's the only chance left."

So we kept moving, hour after hour, yard by yard. Finally it got to the point where I thought I could go no farther. Everyone was totally exhausted.

At this point I had to make a decision: whether to take the easy way out and just lie down in the snow and die, or to continue even when it seemed impossible to lift my legs another step. When I had met Paul after three hours of logging through snow, I was more tired than I had ever been after any football game—and I had walked 12 hours since then. My knees were aching fiercely. I had a six to eight inch layer of ice on the front of me. The snow was driving with such force that it blew inside my goggles and clogged them so I could hardly see. The elasticity had gone from the goggles. The only reason they held in place was because they were frozen tightly to my face. Finally I ripped them off—taking a layer of skin with them.

Even while we struggled, a certain part of me stood back and admired this at once awful and beautiful wilderness. Under the layers of fatigue which pulled at my knees like a cheating offensive tackle, I felt a spark of exhilaration. If I could survive this, I would indeed be a better man for having stood the trial.

But first we had to survive. It was a question of will power now. Physical condition meant little; we were all exhausted. Here, I think, my background in competitive sports came into play. In sports, you develop a mental toughness, an internal point of view that

says, "We're gonna win. We can't be beaten." Both Paul and I always have been very competitive players. We drew strength from each other.

It was midnight or thereabouts. We had to find shelter soon.

The first place we found was a kind of hollow carved in the snow by the wind. It was protected, but there wasn't enough room for all of us. We still hadn't hit the timberline so there was no wood for a fire.

We staggered on, finally reaching the first fringe of trees. Mrs. Waples thought the Top of the World store was not far so we kept moving.

I began to hallucinate. I thought there was a freeway in front of me with cars whizzing by. I could see their lights very clearly. Off to the left there were houses with lights. My mind was not alone in creating the images. The other saw the houses and the cars, too. We babbled to each other about the vision. Figures seemed to move ahead of us but when we finally staggered to the spot, they changed back into fir trees, rocks and highway signs.

Paul and I were talking about how our teammates would react to the news of our being missing. I had been in a lot of tight spots in the past—accident shot myself once, was in an auto accident where the other guy was killed. I've done plenty of things which, by the measuring stick of many, would be considered dangerous. Sky diving was one of my favorite sports, for instance. But I always came out okay. My guess was that the Vikings would never believe we had died in a storm. "They probably think we're in Hawaii or Tahiti or some place, laying on some beach, laughing at those guys searching for us," I told Paul. I looked at the drifting snow, the cold, clean shroud that would cover our bodies. Even though she was a mean bitch, the Nature was beautiful. "They won't believe it because they won't find our bodies until spring."

As the storm grew I became more certain that I would die. Thoughts of my wife Anita and my little Angel spun through my brain. I wanted to tell them what death was like. When I was out alone scouting I could feel the presence of death. It was someone at my shoulder suggesting gently, persuasively, that I should lie down and rest. Wave after wave of warmth washed over my body.

It took great mental effort to shoo off the feeling. The last time I discovered a stake I quickly pushed off fi-

WAS CERTAIN THAT I WOULD DIE

the next stake, instead of flopping down in the snow and waiting for the party to catch up with me. I didn't want to take a chance of falling asleep.

It must have been about 2 a.m. when we reached a bridge. Everyone looked questioningly at Mrs. Waples. "It's about three and a half miles to Top of the World from here," she said. There was no way we could cover that much distance in our condition.

In a grove of trees just beyond the bridge we found a place to rest. Bob Leiviska discovered a clearing sheltered by trees with closely entangled boughs to provide a roof over our heads.

Now all we needed was a fire—and that's where we were in trouble again. All the paper, including the wrappers of the dozen candy bars I had bought as an afterthought at breakfast the day before, were soaked. Without a fire we were in as dangerous a situation as before.

Then I remembered. My wallet. I took everything that would burn. Checks. Money. Everything.

Paul had a lighter. Would it work? Paul took a deep breath, hesitated and snapped the lighter. It did work! For finding we used all the stuff from my wallet—big bills, little bills, all my checks. We threw it all on in no special order. Money meant nothing up there. For a while the fire flickered. Then it caught. We found some dead trees to feed the fire.

With the fire going well we all searched the nearby woods for more fuel to keep it burning. For energy we divided up some salami and cheese that Dee Street had.

The situation was still critical. I even thought about trying to start a forest fire to attract attention. The grove of trees we were in was isolated, so it wouldn't lead to a major blaze.

Mostly, though, we just sat as near to the fire as possible. If anyone looked like he was falling asleep we would end him out for more firewood.

The fire was very important to us—not only because of the warmth, but also because it seemed to represent a new chance for us. The storm had slackened. Maybe, just maybe, we could get out of this place alive.

As the grey light of morning came out we began searching for other signs of life. At first there was nothing. Then we spotted a figure near the bridge.

It was the game warden, Vernon Waples. He was overjoyed, of course, to see that his wife was okay. After hawking out at our fire, Vernon was

ready to try for the Top of the World store. He wanted us all to join him, but Paul and I decided to wait for any other survivors. In my opinion there was little chance that anyone could have survived up there.

From our haven we could see clearly the bridge where anyone coming down the mountain would have to pass. At midday we saw the first figures far off. As they came closer we could see they were in very bad shape. There were seven in all. Two men were carrying another.

From them we learned that Hugh Galusha, 51, sportsman, banker and a man who loved this rugged land, had died of exposure during the night.

It was mid-afternoon and still no help was seen coming up the trail from Top of the World. I was for staying at our campsite, but the others outvoted me. The possibility of spending another night on the mountain was too much for most of the others to contemplate. We decided to use the few remaining hours of daylight to hike for Top of the World.

Just as we were about to depart, a pair of snowmobiles arrived. They had reached us by accident, the most joyful accident I can ever remember because it meant deliverance. They immediately took the two weakest members of the party to Top of the World and they said they would send back help.

After marching about a mile and a half we met the snowmobilers coming back. They told us that Vernon Waples and his crew and Averell Kronick and his partner had all reached Top of the World. Help was on its way to us.

Before long, a huge snow tractor lumbered up loaded with coffee and food. Soon we were on our way to Cooke City. To be sure, it was 24 hours later than we intended, but we had accomplished our purpose. We had crossed Beartooth Pass the hardest way possible—on foot. And survived. ■

PHOTO CREDITS

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(Continued from page 32)

I think he's the most exciting player to watch in the NBA. He's very quick and clever. I've covered him head-up and I know it's impossible to do effectively. You can't stop any good scorer one-on-one in pro ball, anyway. New York tried and this was another key factor in the series. I think Baltimore matches up man for man better with New York than with Milwaukee. Milwaukee helped out its defenders on Monroe and this reduced his effectiveness a lot. They trapped him as they trap a lot of fine players.

I think Lew Alcindor is the single most dominant player in the NBA today. Of course, most observers think so, so there's nothing unique about that. I think any team he landed on would have a great chance to be champion. But I think there's a lot more to this Milwaukee team which is overlooked. A lot of the credit has to go to Larry Costello, who did one of the best coaching jobs I've ever observed.

Milwaukee's achievement in winning a championship only three years after forming an expansion team really is amazing. They got lucky on the flip of the coin which enabled them to draft Alcindor, instead of Phoenix drafting him. If you don't think Phoenix could have won the works with Alcindor, forget it.

Milwaukee made real good draft picks in Bob Dandridge and Greg Smith, who were not well-known collegians but have exceptional quickness. And the Bucks made a splendid expansion pick in Jon McGlocklin, who for some reason was let go by San Diego; he has amazing long-range shooting ability. Then the Bucks made some unbelievable deals. Cincinnati really just gave them Oscar Robertson. Seattle gave them a bench in Lucius Allen and Bob Boozer. I think Allen is going to become a star. Boozer is a solid pro.

Robertson runs the show. Oscar is an unselfish team man and it was impressive how he became a specialist. Freed of having to carry a scoring burden, he coaches the team on court for Costello. He is not only the greatest backcourt player I've ever seen, but the smartest player in the NBA today and is able to do just exactly what Costello wants him to do.

Essentially, this is a young expansion team built around two super players. But other teams have two players who come close to the Alcindor-Robertson duo. Why then is Milwaukee so outstanding? Because Alcindor com-

plements other players better than anyone else I've ever seen in the NBA except Bill Russell, who got the most from his Boston teammates.

I was especially impressed with how easily Milwaukee won the playoffs without playing as well as they did at times during the regular season. I don't think they had to be at their peak. This is one of the most intelligent teams I've seen. Few teams ever could score as consistently from either a set offense or a running game. And they do the job so well offensively, you forget their defense, which is just as good as their offense. Their greatest strength is in their team quickness. They double up on defense as no team I've ever seen could do and when you try to hit the men who have been opened, the Bucks always have someone running through the middle to intercept the ball. They force as many turnovers as any team I've faced.

In the earlier rounds against Nate Thurmond and Wilt Chamberlain, Alcindor was up against tall, strong centers, who could play behind him. This helped get him ready for Unseld, who is smaller, but more mobile than the others. But Alcindor is so much more mobile than any other man his size, he can make adjustments.

I think basketball is too concerned with statistics. I became more aware of this than ever while doing the color on TV for ABC during the playoffs. The emphasis was to report on who had the most points, the most rebounds, the most assists, whatever, in the individual duels, such as Alcindor vs. Chamberlain. Individual matchups are an exciting part of basketball, but it's team play that wins. And Milwaukee plays team basketball.

I don't think Baltimore expected to be in the finals. Sometimes the first time a team gets to a playoff final, it's happy just to be there and finds it hard to adjust to the possibility of going all the way. Probably Baltimore lost to Milwaukee because it did not have as sound a team. But I think it also was a tired, hurting team which suspected it had gone as far as it could for this year.

Next season may be another story. There are good young teams on the way up. Even some of the weaker teams figure to pose more of a threat to the good clubs next season. Cleveland, the weakest team in the league this past season, helped itself with a tremendous scorer, Austin Carr. I don't know why they picked him instead of Sidney Wicks. I suppose they

thought he was better. I believe they feel he's more of a gate attraction in their area. But I think Wicks is going to be a great, great player in the NBA and I think with Wicks and George Petrie, Portland has the best pair of young players in pro basketball. I have not seen Elmore Smith, but he's a center who is supposed to be a fine defensive center, so he should make Buffalo tougher to handle. Here, the draft is doing the job it's supposed to do, making weak teams stronger.

Cincinnati began to come back strong last season. The Royals were not that far behind the better teams in its division, Atlanta, and Baltimore, and could be a threat to them next season. A versatile forward, Ken Durrett, is going to help the Royals. I think Atlanta's troubles this season were not much adjusting with Pete Maravich in the lineup, as most seemed to think, but in the loss of Joe Caldwell, a very underrated player, who is valuable both ends of the court and was sorely missed when he jumped to the ABA. I think Atlanta has a sound team and can make adjustments and come back next season.

Boston and Philadelphia have got good young teams and could possibly pose threats to New York in their division next season. I can't believe anyone could pose a serious threat to Milwaukee for the pennant in the West, but it was the toughest division in the league this past season and it has some developing teams which could be playoff threats by the end of next season.

Chicago's Dick Motta has got to be an amazing coach. You look at his personnel and you play against the players and you don't know how they did it, but they won 51 games last season and you can't dismiss that. I think the thing they do best is to run the offense better than any other team runs its offense. It's deliberate, involves everyone and gets easy shots. Chicago runs it and runs it and works it consistently. Tom Boerwinkle and Jim Fox are not strong centers, but they are different kinds of centers and I think helps this team to be able to alter style by switching centers.

Another thing that has helped Chicago. Bob Love has developed into a sensational shooter who can score under pressure. And he will get scoring help and the pressure will be lifted from him a lot if Chicago gets to keep as it appears it will, Howard Porter, who was one of the really outstanding corner men to come out of college basketball.

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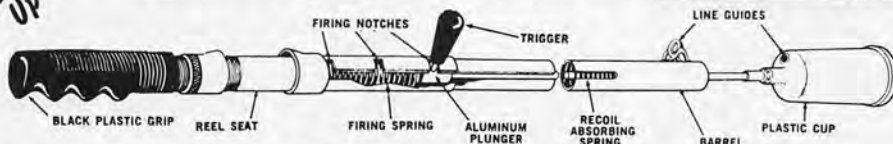
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last season. This is getting to be a very tough team.

This past season, Phoenix and Detroit were in a little too deep, but next season may be another story. I think Cotton Fitzsimmons did a top coaching job in Phoenix and he has a young team which is not far from becoming outstanding.

A team which is even closer, however, is Detroit. The Pistons got off to a fast start last season, but faded at the finish. I think that happened because they lost strength where they could least afford it—up front, when Terry Dischinger got hurt. Now, they've added strength with Curtis Rowe of UCLA. He is tough, and consistent.

I also think the Pistons will be better up front next season because Bob Lanier will be fully recovered from his knee operation and he will be playing more. He is a brute of a guy, exceptionally mobile for a man his size, a good outside shooter and potentially a fine center. And Dave Bing became the best young guard in basketball last season. No question of it. He is just a super backcourt player. So I pick Detroit as the dark-horse for next season in the NBA and with a chance to win it all.

In our division, San Francisco will have trouble retaining its high position, runner-up to the Lakers last season. To me, this is the most disappointing team in the league year after year. The Warriors have a great center, Nate Thurmond, and some very fine players, but they've let a lot of good players get away, they often don't sign their draft choices, they've never built a bench or balance.

San Diego has a good young team which didn't quite find itself last season, but if it can find a good replacement for a fine coach, Alex Hannum, the Rockets can put it all together this season. I was especially pleased to see Calvin Murphy succeed as a rookie for San Diego. He is only 5-9, but he is an incredible jumper and so quick I can't believe him. His success should encourage NBA teams to take a longer look at little men in the future.

Seattle may be as much of a threat to San Francisco as San Diego. Lenny Wilkens is winding up with some pretty good talent. You have to give Sam Schulman credit, though he may be unpopular with the other owners right now. He went after Spencer Haywood because he thought he could keep him, and the courts ruled that he was right. Haywood didn't play as well as he can

and Bob Rule was out with injuries most of the season, so Seattle never became the club they probably will become, beginning next season. It cost Schulman a \$200,000 fine to keep Haywood, which is nothing. Every team in the league would be willing to pay that, and more, for a player like Haywood.

Along the way, the courts ruled that a player has a right to sign with an NBA team before his college class graduates. This is only fair. You note the rule didn't say "before the player graduates." Many don't. I think the guys should go to school, but many aren't interested in college, were there only as a way to get into pro ball, and can't be deprived of making more money for signing a pro contract. However, I don't think this is a threat to college basketball. I think it's more of a threat to college players. If the best of them are signed, there soon won't be much room at the top. Some will sign who won't make it and they'll be out of luck. I think there'll be a leveling off which will result in pro teams not signing collegians early.

This probably will come with an NBA-ABA merger. We can't ignore the ABA any longer. It's just like the NFL and AFL. The new league held on and built up until the old league found it wisest to accept it. The ABA gained a lot of strength signing a lot of top draft choices and some college underclassmen. In fact, some of the finest young players in pro ball are in the ABA now. I don't think their best team could beat four or five NBA teams, but if they joined up tomorrow they'd be competitive, which is all right for the start. And there are some attractive franchises in the ABA. Indianapolis is a great basketball town, for example. Salt Lake City drew amazingly well. There may be some weak ones which will have to be weeded out eventually.

Next season should be tremendously competitive and—exciting—in the NBA. I think the divisional champions are going to have a more difficult time winning their divisions and will be tough for each other to handle. Baltimore probably gained a lot of confidence going as far as it did this season and now will be hungry to go farther. And I think if Gus Johnson and Eddie Miles come back healthy, this is going to be an outstanding team. They also found they could go pretty far with a control-style offense. With their success and Chicago's success at playing a control offense a trend may be on us. While

shooting continues to improve, I think more teams are going to try more control-offense patterns and scoring may go down some. It's not going to hurt the game any. It may even make the games more interesting and varied.

The Knicks run a control offense very well. If Reed recovers full health this is going to be a tremendous team again, as they were last season and as they almost were this season. I think they were shocked at being upset by Baltimore. That should make them hungry to regain the top and play very aggressively next season. They tasted success and they'll find they miss it.

New York matches up very well with Milwaukee, they won the season series from them and if they had reached the final against them healthy they might have beaten them this season. They might next. New York is as good a reason as any why Milwaukee will find it hard to establish a dynasty like Boston's. Other things enter into it. Boston won some of their titles by a point or two in seventh games along the way. One team doesn't always get those points. And Boston was very lucky physically. The one playoff Russell was hurt, Boston lost. Milwaukee may not be so lucky.

We were not lucky this year. The Lakers remain a threat to anyone in this league. We have been written off as too old year after year, but we have always been up there at the finish of each season. We were in the seventh game of the finals two straight years, then won another divisional pennant this past season. If I hadn't been hurt, I think we might have been hard for Milwaukee to handle in the playoffs. Milwaukee beat us all season and beat us badly but I don't think they were that much better. Veteran teams traditionally are tougher in playoffs and we would have been. Just look at the history, look at our past record.

Maybe people expected too much of us when Wilt Chamberlain joined Elgin Baylor and myself. They didn't look at the ages of the players involved or the way their styles fit or did not fit one another. And Joe Mullaney had had the three of us together only in 3 of 194 games. Even so, the Lakers won 55 games two seasons back, 46 last season and 48 this season. Wilt missed most of the '69-'70 season. Elgin missed all last season. I missed the last part of this past season. Joe Mullaney? The Lakers did everything it was possible for them to do by upsetting Chicago in the playoffs. Even when Keith Erick

HOW I SEE THE NBA NEXT YEAR

son was lost, too, I think the Lakers gave the Milwaukee team a tougher go than Baltimore did, though we were certainly outclassed.

Wilt had a fine playoff and the way he plays he can go on a few years yet. I think I had my best season ever last season. I had lost a little speed, but I think I had learned how to play better and could control games more, though age seemed to have caught up with me some. I found myself real beat-down tired more often and suffered more slumps. And I don't think a player is ever quite the same after a knee operation. But I seem to be recovering rapidly from mine and I want to play if I can and I think I'll be able to play very well if I don't have to play 45 minutes a game. I don't think it's any great display of ego to say I'll help this team.

It wasn't encouraging that Elgin couldn't come back at any time this season, but Baylor is a marvelous athlete, he thinks he'll be recovered from his foot injury by next season and he wants to come back. This is a good team, anyway. We drafted a guard and bought a guard and are deep in guards. We do need help up front. We'll try to make a deal, but I don't know if we can make a good one. However, add to what we have the way Gail Goodrich came on last season and the way Jim McMillan developed when played regularly and ours is a team not to be taken lightly.

As it is, Milwaukee deserves to be favored. You can't escape the 66-16 regular season they had, second-best ever; the record 20 straight they won at one point, the 12-2 playoff they wound up with, which is the best ever. They were only the second team ever to sweep the finals in four straight. They will be hurt when Robertson retires, but until then I think he is a young old man (my age, 33) and can do the specialist's job he has to do for the Bucks very easily for a season or two or more.

They will have Alcindor for many seasons and as long as they have him to dominate and intimidate the other teams and help and inspire his teammates, and as long as they surround him with the youth, balance and depth they now have, the quickness and intelligence and fine coaching they have, they are going to be the team to beat. But I think New York has a chance to beat them next season, and we do. And one or two others have a better chance than most realize. ■

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(Continued from page 47)

impressive. They do things here for the hitters, positive things.

I like Mauch. Always have. I used to like beating him because he wanted to beat you so badly. When I met him today I asked him what was on the agenda and he said, "Baseball, baseball, baseball." He said he was going to try me in centerfield and I'm really interested in playing there. Casey Stengel put me out there when I didn't even know I was an outfielder. When I thought the glove was something you used to keep the ball from hitting you on the head.

April 3 Played my first game for Montreal today and hit a home run and a sacrifice fly that everybody said would have been a home run in Jarry Park. Mauch was hollering and that's fun—turning a manager on. I resented Gil's aloofness a lot. There was something uncomfortable about being around the guy. He could enjoy a joke and he'd take a drink sometimes but he always tried to separate himself from the ballplayers. Ballplayers are insecure. They need somebody to pump them up. Mauch's got no secrets. He's happy to let everybody know why he does certain things. He gets teed off a lot and shows it. When things happen that he doesn't like, he yells about it. That's how ballplayers are when they're angry. Not like Gil. When he got teed off he kept it hidden, inside, restrained. That's not how ballplayers get. Gene's a human being. If he's got something to say, he says it. I've heard more good

things about Gene in three days than I heard about Hodges in three years.

The Expos worked out in Shea Stadium the day before opening day. The entire back page of the New York Daily News that night was a picture of Swoboda in his Montreal uniform and the headline was "Swoboda Takes Verbal Potshots At Seaver." Swoboda told the sportswriters at the workout two stories about Seaver. The first was about \$20 that Seaver, the player representative, had taken out of Swoboda's pants pocket as a tip for the clubhouse men. Swoboda said he and Seaver had angry words back in the clubhouse. "It was an encroachment on my privacy," Swoboda said. "We didn't vote for him to go into my pockets. I said I'd take care of it myself and he twisted it around to make it sound as if I wanted to back out of paying."

The second story. According to Swoboda, when the Mets played Las Vegas after winning the World Series President Nixon's secretary called Ed Kranepool, then the player representative, to ask the Mets to visit a veterans hospital nearby. Swoboda said all the Mets were willing, except Seaver, and that it took a special phone call from the White House before the pitcher would agree to go. Kranepool confirmed Swoboda's account of the incident. Seaver said, "That's the first I ever heard of that story." When Swoboda ended his first interview in New York as an Expo, he said, "Tom has no feeling for people, he is rather self-centered."

April 6 Tom knows I think he's a phony. I hate people being billed as All-American guys when they're just

human beings. Maybe that's my personal crusade. That day he took the \$20 out of my pocket was our last day in Florida and I was edgy about a trade. He was the most secure guy on the team and I was the least secure.

After the World Series, when the guys were going to appear in Las Vegas, Seaver wanted more money for himself and he almost blew the whole deal for everybody else. That's greed. Little Leaguers couldn't see Seaver unless they had \$1500 an hour. Isn't that great? After our World Series he made an appearance in Delaware. It wasn't a rich group, but they told him to take any transportation down he wanted and they would pay the bill. Well, he hired a limousine to take him down and back. That shows a total disregard for everybody. I was down there a year later and they were still talking about it. Tom has no feeling for people. No sensitivity. He doesn't pal around with guys. Guys pal around with him.

April 8 We won one, lost one. I didn't play at all. Too bad. I saw signs in the stands that said, "Welcome Home Swoboda" and "Swoboda Was The Mets." That made me feel good. It's going to be tough leaving New York and being just another ballplayer.

April 9 Montreal. They gave me my home uniform today and the pants were a little tight. I was thinking of telling Gene but I can just hear him saying, "Once you get down to the weight we have in mind for you, those pants will fit fine." Here's another reason not to complain about tight pants. I just found out that beef is \$100 a pound here, too. ■

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IS YAZ WORTH ALL THAT MONEY?

(Continued from page 36)

don't realize how much time he spends helping other guys. He helped (Joe) Lahoud, Billy C, everybody at one time or another. I mean, the coaches help with your hitting, but he helps more, because he's facing the same pitcher you are and he's studying him and figuring him out.

"Another thing, he really gets everyone up. He makes these great catches or clutch hits, and suddenly you're back in a ballgame, and you figure, 'Here we go again.' That happened to us practically every day in 1967."

Reggie Smith and Yaz played side by side in the outfield and hit back to back in the batting order for three

years. (This year Smith is in right and Yaz in left; Smith hits second, Yaz third.) In 1968 each won a Golden Glove award.

"I attribute a lot of my winning to Yaz," Smith says. "Did I learn from him! Those first couple of years, he taught me how to play the wall, moved me around, showed me how to think with the pitch. I mean, he'd tell me, in certain situations the pitcher's liable to throw this, and that could mean this kind of hit—move two or three steps to the right. Doggone if that wouldn't be where the ball would be hit. I never thought about things like that before. I mean, I just waited for the pitch to

(Continued on page 90)

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IS YAZ WORTH ALL THAT MONEY?

(Continued from page 88)

be hit and then I went for it.

"On my hitting, he definitely helped me there. Like last year, just before the All-Star game, I wasn't hitting, and he came out and pitched batting practice to me. We worked and worked, just the two of us, me hitting and him watching, and he tried to help me with placement of my hands and like that until I was grooving again. It made a big difference the second half of the season."

Of course these tributes might be an extension of the clubhouse rule: "What you see here/What you hear here/When you leave here/Let it stay here." No one wants to go on record as criticizing a teammate. However, Ken Harrelson, who shouldered Yaz out of the headlines by hitting 30 HRs and 109 league-leading RBIs for Boston in 1968, is now an Indian and in position to say what he pleases about

the past—as the outspoken Hawk frequently does.

"Hell, a baby could have led the league in RBIs under those circumstances," Harrelson says, looking back wistfully on the greatest season of his career. "Every time I came up, there was Yaz or Reggie Smith on base. I never saw a pitch that wasn't thrown out of the stretch position. I never got any of this big hard windup"—demonstration—"and the guy coming down on me with all his speed."

"The thing I learned in Boston, I guess, was envy. I mean Carl is a man I really envy, the only man in baseball I envy. He has more talent than anyone in the game. Maybe Reggie Jackson has more natural talent, but he doesn't employ it as well."

"You know the biggest thing about Yaz? His absolute concentration. It's fantastic the way he concentrates so completely when he's at the plate. To

me that's the difference between a good player and a mediocre one, concentration. Also confidence. Carl loves challenges. We used to play golf, two or three bucks a hole. I'm a pretty good golfer, and he's not. Yet he'd make shots he had absolutely no right to make. *No right*—he wasn't that good. But he'd just try to overcome that lack of ability with concentration and will-power."

The man who negotiated Yaz's \$500,000, three-year contract is a ruddy, greying, cigar-smoking Boston Irishman named Dick O'Connell. In his tenure as Red Sox general manager the club has become one of the most profitable franchises in baseball. Three of the last years Boston has led the AL in attendance, although Fenway Park only seats 34,000. O'Connell gives a lot of the credit to Yastrzemski.

"With the exception of pitchers, I don't think individual players draw people to parks," O'Connell says. "What draws is a winning team. People come to see Bobby Orr and the Boston Bruins. They came to see Bill Russell and the Celtics. If either Orr or Russell had been with a losing club, I doubt that they would have affected the gate."

"In Yaz's case, how do you set a dollar-figure? You look at the values around you, find out what other superstars are getting—that's not too hard to learn—see how well the club is drawing, what kind of year a player has had, what's his future. Yaz is putting out all the time. He has determination and pride and he wants respect, both in the baseball community and outside. So you know he wants to produce for you, and you reward that."

"And Mister Yawkey has always paid well. That's our philosophy of sport."

When you talk to Yaz about himself and about his best-paid season in the majors, you find that all the analyses of his complex personality carry some truth. Even on a casual meeting, he comes across as a moody, prideful, competitive, ego-centered and physically gifted young man—a man who talks lovingly of challenges and overcoming them, and why the whole world can't make it just as he's made it. But there is another element his fellow players do not mention. He has a questing mind, a knack for analyzing a situation, and a highly competent intelligence. He obviously has great instinctive gifts, but he is also a student of the game.

(Continued on page 94)

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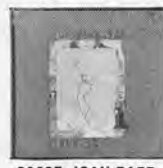
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RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA—The World's Lowest Priced Record and Tape Club

(Continued from page 90)

We talked while he was lying on a diathermy table, treating a mild groin injury that hampered him but did not keep him from the lineup. I reminded him that I had interviewed him a year before, as part of SPORT's article on the first \$200,000 player. I read back what he told me then about the value of money to an athlete.

"You don't think about money at all during the season," he said in 1970. "But in the winter, that's when you do. . . Like, I have this exercise program. It's tough, boring. You're not playing the game itself. There's no competitiveness or anything. All you do is exercise, exercise, exercise. So what motivates you to keep at it? Well, it's that you want to stay in the game longer and you want to have a better season than the year before. You want to reach the salary goals you have set for yourself and this is a way to do it."

At the time of the 1970 interview Yaz was already baseball's highest-paid player, at an estimated \$135,000 a year. Since then only the size of the figures had changed; his half-million over-three-year deal maintained his position at the top of the baseball-salary hierarchy. I asked him if the heightened income changed his attitudes toward money, or if he stood by his words of a year before.

"There's no doubt that money provides a big incentive to a player, and the higher it is the more incentive it provides," he said. "But the biggest thing that affects your play is personal pride. Once a contract is settled I don't think about it. When I'm talking contract, I'm talking contract, and when I'm playing baseball, I'm playing baseball."

I asked him if the new contract generated new pressures, and specifically if it caused him or the club to establish new performance goals.

"There aren't too many goals you can control," he said. "You can't control your RBI goal, for instance. You don't know how often you'll come up with men on base. You have some control over your batting average and home-run goals, of course. But the biggest objective for this year is to help this ballclub win. If we can do that, everything else will take care of itself."

This year Yaz is back in leftfield again after playing virtually all the 1970 campaign at first base. It is not, surprisingly, a move he welcomes. "I enjoyed first base," he says. "It was my own choice to play there, and I

would like to have stayed there. First, I like the challenge of a new position; second, I thought I did an outstanding job; and third, I liked being involved in the game. At first base I could concentrate on watching a good hitter, see him waiting for a ball, and try to apply his principles to my own case. I'd try to guess with the catcher what the pitcher ought to throw in each situation to suchandsuch a hitter.

"You can't see that from the outfield. You don't really know what the pitcher is throwing, if it's a slider, a breaking ball, etcetera. You can figure out what he *ought* to throw but you never know if he did."

Harrelson had suggested, perhaps surprisingly, that Yaz, for all his alleged personality problems, would make a good manager someday, because he was such a devoted student of all the intricacies of the game. "I'd never thought about it," he said. "I don't give much thought to what I'll do after I leave baseball. I figure I've got at least seven to ten good years left." What about coaching? People said he knew more about batting than anyone but Ted Williams. "There's never been anyone to compare to Williams as a hitter," he said. "He came and instructed us four or five years and talked about hitting, and I listened to him. But he and I hit differently. He had a different strike zone. He had more patience to wait for a walk. I'm an aggressive hitter—you only get four chances a day at hitting, and that's where the fun of the game is. I want to make the most of every chance."

As for his alleged problems of temperament, Yaz claims to give them little thought. He's too busy concentrating. "My concentration is so great down there that I can't hear the boos—no more than I can hear the cheers. A guy who says he can hear cheers is not concentrating on his job at the plate. He should have all his attention on the pitcher."

He does resent the allegations that he doesn't hit it off with people. In the offseason he's employed by an investment counseling firm in the customer-relations field, and he makes many personal appearances. He charms kids and there are many Carl Yastrzemski fan clubs. He claims to be on the side of the players in their troubled labor relations with baseball management.

"During the strike I stayed out like everyone else," he declares, contradicting Bouton. "I cooperated all the way. My only incident with the players' as-

sociation was when Curt Flood went to court (to try to overturn the reserve clause) with the support of the association. I felt that the players hadn't been well enough informed and hadn't been given an opportunity to vote. I think we should have been told how much the case might cost, what our chances were, what other options were available, and then the matter should have been put to a vote. I agreed the reserve clause should be modified. I didn't agree on how it should be done."

Yaz's relationships with managers is not a subject he discusses comfortably. But he does not dodge. "You're talking about the manager, right?" he said directly when I asked him some gobbledegook question about getting along with people. "I never let my feelings interfere with my playing. You don't have to like someone to perform well for them. I didn't like him [Dick Williams] in '67, either, but it didn't affect my playing. If you're a professional, it shouldn't make any difference how you feel."

To Yaz, baseball is a game of personal relationships, but not in the way his critics see it. He regards the sport as the last one in which one man pits his abilities directly against the skills of another man. It is an endless series of *mano a mano* challenges, something like the jousting combats of the days of King Arthur, or the meetings between the Lafayette Escadrille and the Red Baron in World War I.

"Every time you step into the batter's box it's a new challenge," he says. "It's a new meeting of you and the pitcher, your strength against his. You are absolutely on your own at that moment. No one lays up a nice pass for you, no one throws a block so you can get free and run. It's you and him. You and him. If you make a mistake, everyone sees it. It's not like missing a block, or throwing a pass that's short, that can be covered up."

"I can't think of any one sport that has as many ups and downs as baseball. There's frustration—when the pitcher gets you out. There's jubilation—when you beat him. It's a game I never get tired of. I enjoy it more every season I play."

Ups and downs. Frustration. Jubilation. That's baseball, that's part of a man's career in baseball. You weigh the highs and lows of Carl Yastrzemski's career in baseball, and measure the evidence we have offered you—and then you answer the question that is the title of this story. ■

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TIME OUT WITH THE EDITORS!

NOW HOCKEY'S COMING ON

This happened during the Stanley Cup playoffs:

Five days after the Black Hawks beat the Rangers in the seventh game of their series, a prominent official of the National Football League—that's right, football—commented wide-eyed: "Did you see that game? That was a helluva hockey game. I think hockey is really coming on."

The son of one of the editors of this magazine, while watching the same game on television, became so frenzied by the last minutes of action, that he jumped up and down on the big easy chair, and broke it in two.

After the sixth game of the Ranger-Black Hawk series, won by New York in triple overtime, a large portion of a crowd of 19,000 wandered into the night murmuring, "That was the best hockey game I have ever seen in my life."

These examples come out of New York. But don't be misled. Recently, a car with a Minnesota license plate was seen on a New York street. Minnesota has the Twins in baseball and the Vikings in football, but the bumper sticker read, "Minnesota North Stars." And the best-selling bumper sticker in New England says, "This Is Orr Country." All over the United States fans are turning on to hockey the way they always have in Canada. What is even more remarkable about this acceleration of hockey interest is that it comes after a generally dull regular season in the NHL.

The Bruins ran away and hid in the East and the Black Hawks did the same in the West. Not only that, but the first attempt at a balanced schedule—all teams playing each other six times—backfired. In the old days the Bruins and Rangers met each other 14 times during the season. This year it just wasn't the same. Old Eastern rivalries were thinned out while expansion teams offered indifferent competition.

But the playoffs for the Stanley Cup more than made up for a generally uninspired season. There was the tragedy of the Bruins. Expected to sweep through to their second Cup in a row, the Bruins of Orr, Esposito and Sanderson, the highest-scoring team in history, were demolished by the Canadiens. Then there was the brilliance of the seven-game series between New

York and Chicago, in which three of the games were decided in sudden death. Finally, there was the Chicago-Montreal series for the Stanley Cup itself.

It was good to see the Stanley Cup come back to life. Since expansion in 1968-69, the final round of Cup play (pitting the Eastern Division winner against the Western Division winner) had been a farce. The expansion team that made the finals could not come close to the Eastern finalist and indeed could not even win one game. Putting Chicago into the West helped immensely to insure a more interesting Cup playoff. What helped even more was a revised playoff system whereby teams in the East and West would criss-cross and play against each other in the second round. That limited the possibility of a weak expansion team slipping into the final. But one expansion team, the Minnesota North Stars, showed something. The North Stars, who finished fourth in the West in the regular season, wiped out second-place St. Louis and then won two games from Montreal. That was the first time a team from the expansion division had won a playoff game from an Eastern team. And it was fair indication that the expansion teams are getting better.

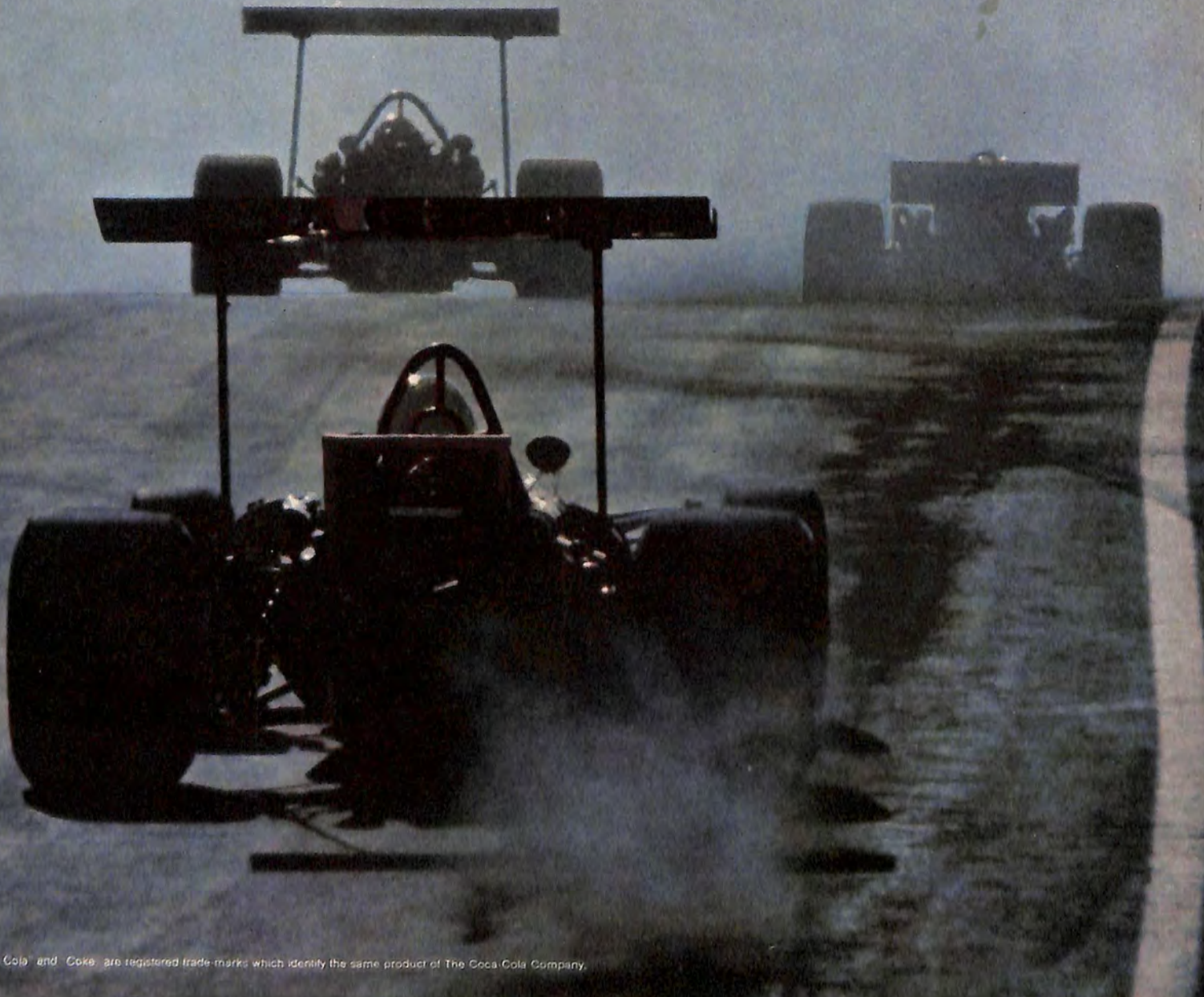
Hockey is on the upswing all right, but it still has a way to go. In a recent Louis Harris poll on sports the number of sports fans who follow hockey rose from 14 to 17 percent. But hockey was selected as the favorite sport by only two percent of those polled. In answer to pollster Harris's questions, the fans said they liked hockey because "it is faster and tougher than most other sports." But of these same fans, only 38 percent said they liked to watch hockey on television. And that is one factor still inhibiting hockey's growth. Like baseball, hockey does not televise well. The action is too fast and the puck is too small. But baseball is surviving pretty well without positive benefits from television and hockey will survive well, too, especially as the Western Division continues to gain strength and as sports fans come to understand that a well-played hockey game, an exciting hockey game, can be the most satisfying sports event of them all.

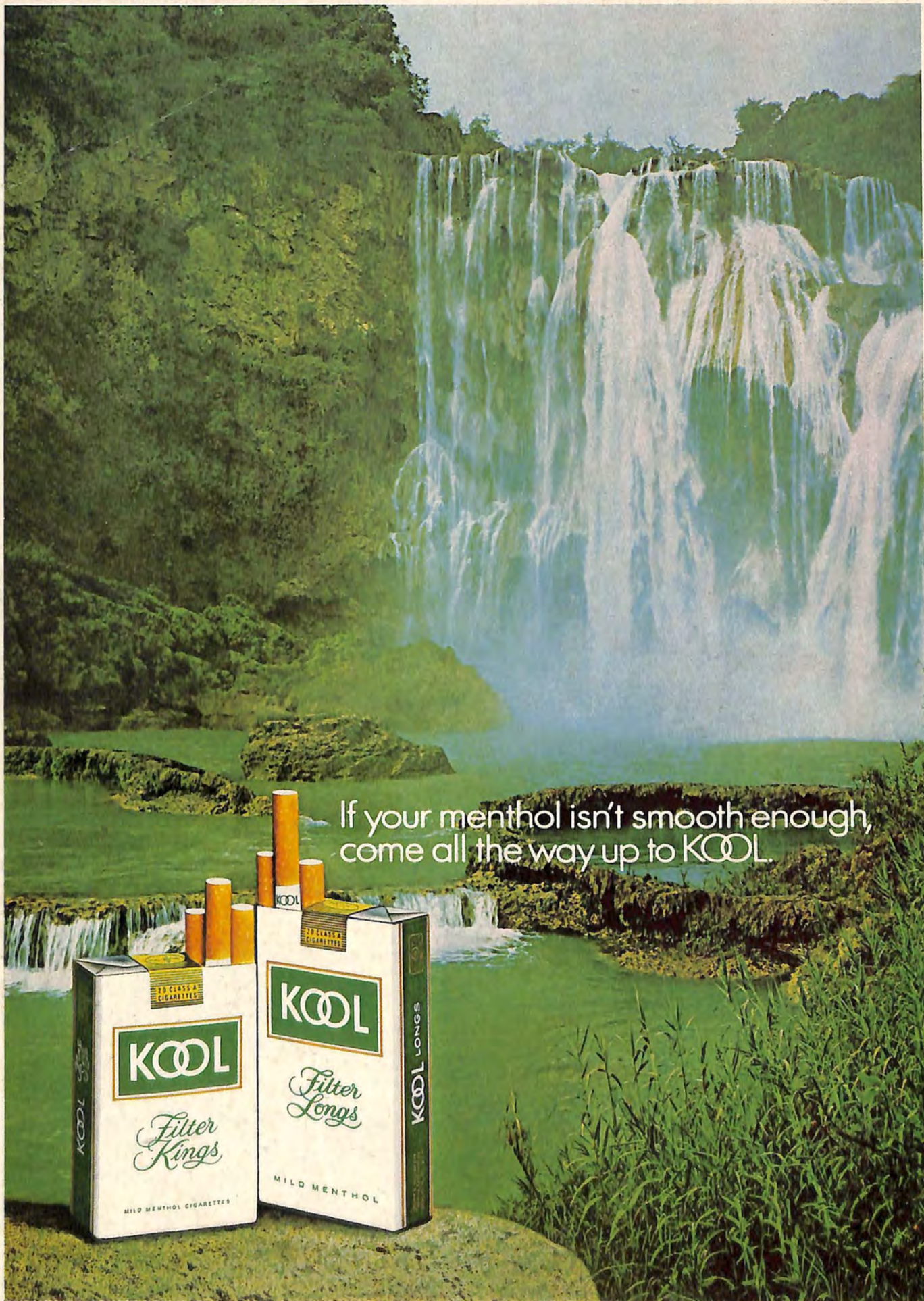


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